Vol. CXL No. 1327

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THE BYSTANDER December 21, 1938

The BYSTANDER

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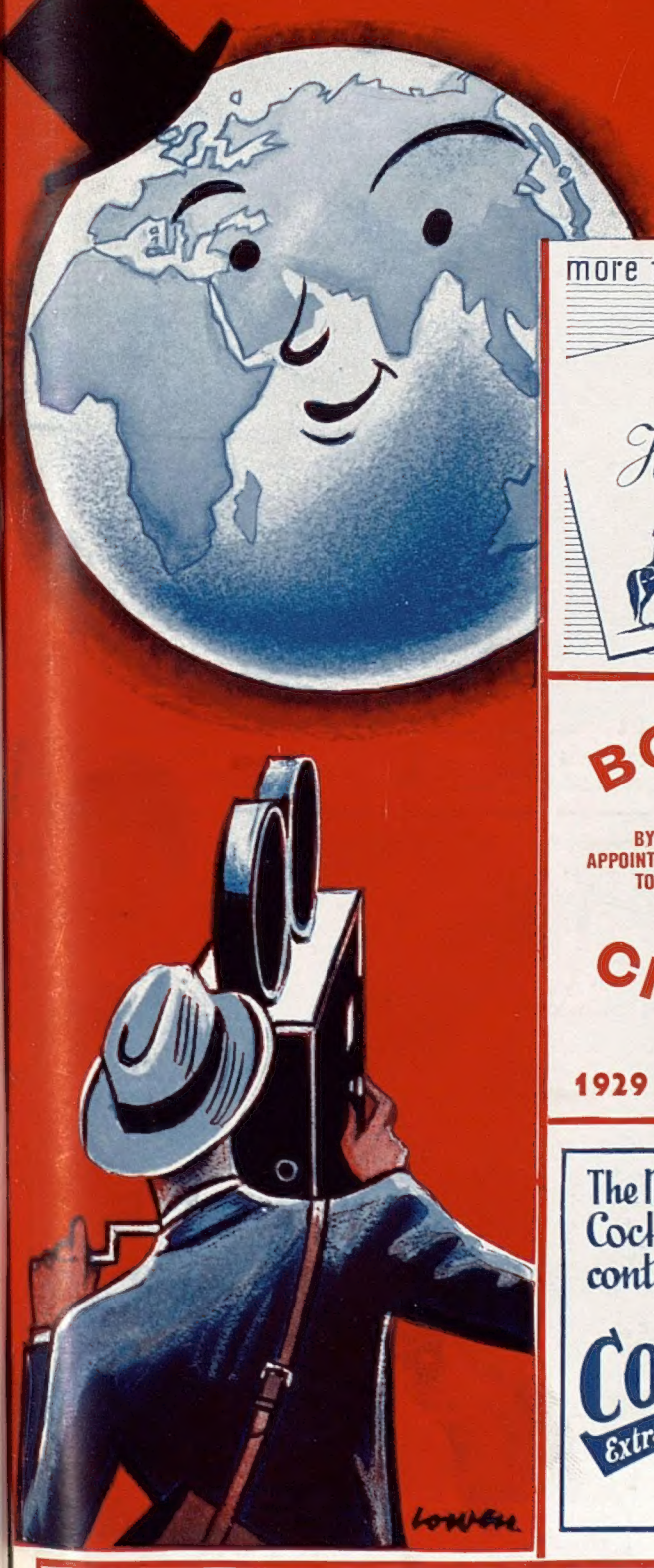

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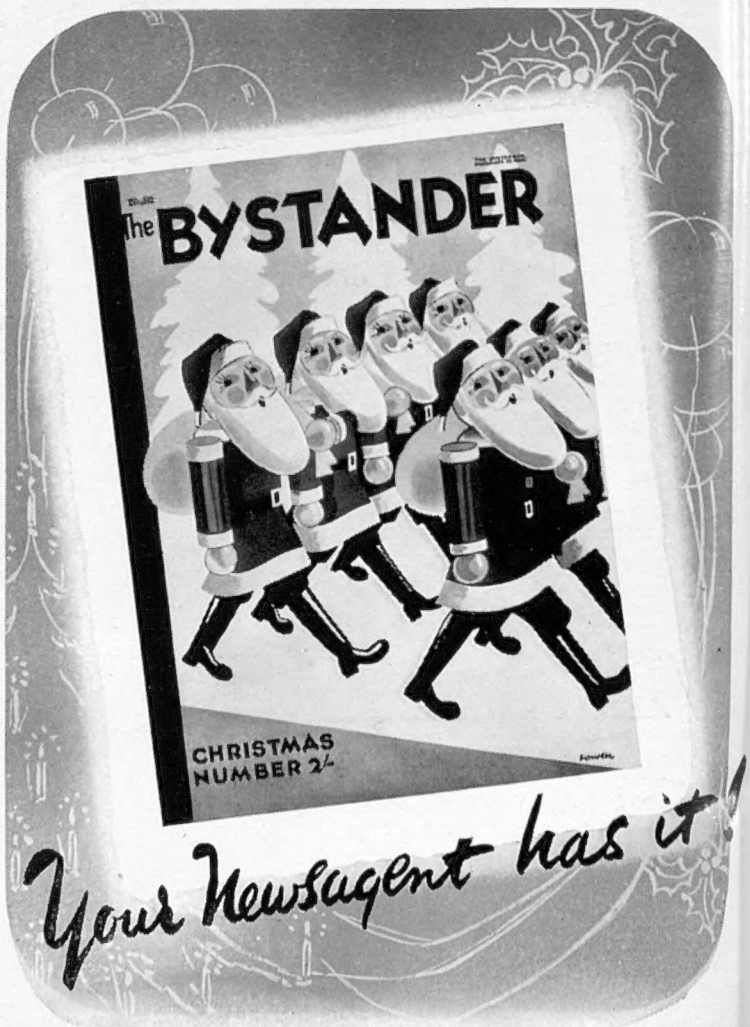
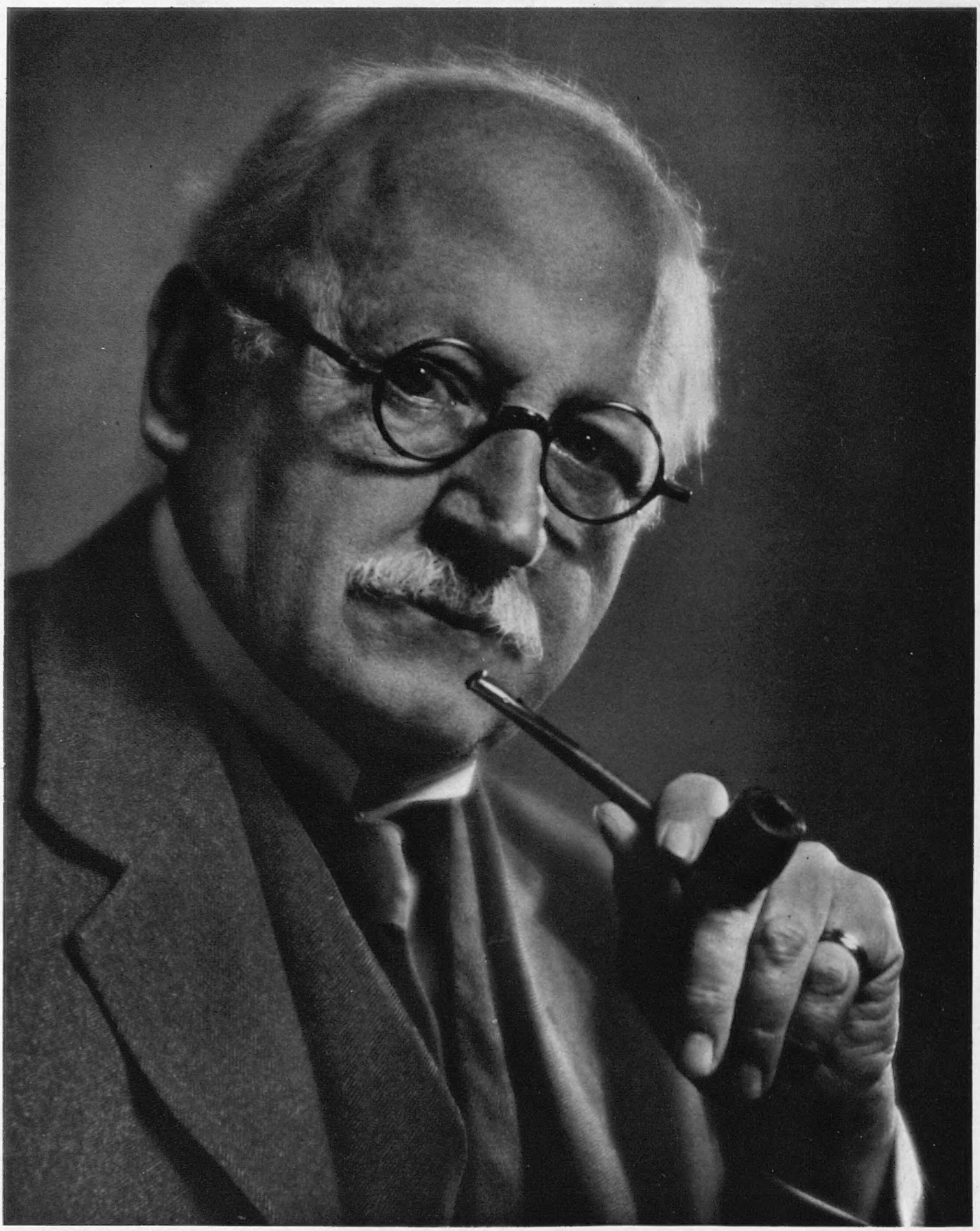


The Bystander, December 21, 1938 No. 1827. Vol. CXL.

The Bystander

Merle Oberon, Cowboy Cooper's Lady

What has Merle Oberon been doing in Hollywood? Bathing in the Pacific with young Douglas Fairbanks, going to premieres at the Carthay Circle with him, that we know from photographs. Evidence of her work as well as her play will soon be on show—namely, Samuel Goldwyn's *The Cowboy and the Lady*, which comes to the Gaumont, Haymarket, for the New Year. The film, which relates how the cowboy fell in love with the lady, thinking she was her own maid, but won her nevertheless, will be covered in a double-page feature in next week's "Bystander"



Fayer

Sir Edwin Lutyens, President of the Royal Academy

Edwin Landseer Lutyens from early days pursued the arts as his middle name prescribed, and at nineteen he designed his first house. His neo-Georgian exteriors developing in the architectural desert of late Victoriana soon made his name, and at thirty-one he married the first Earl of Lytton's younger daughter (their five children include Mrs. Euan Wallace and Lady Ridley). In 1900 Lutyens was chosen to design the British Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, and in 1912 he was on the Government Commission to pick the site of New Delhi. Next year he was made an A.R.A., and at the war's end he was knighted and entrusted with the design of the Cenotaph. Thereafter honours and commissions came in abundance, including R.A. in 1920 and K.C.I.E. in 1930. It was therefore no surprise when the Royal Academy elected Lutyens President to succeed Sir William Llewellyn, exchanging a painter of seventy-five for an architect of nearly seventy

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

ALMOST surprising statement was made by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, and a deplorable situation was thereby created, which was retrieved on the following day. He was asked whether any treaty or agreed understanding existed which, "in the event of Italy embarking on warlike operations against France or her possessions, would specifically require Great Britain to render military aid to France." The Prime Minister replied, "No such specific requirement exists in any treaty or pact with France." Naturally, a wail of protest arose in the Paris Press, and Rome was correspondingly jubilant. At the dinner, however, to the Foreign Press Association on the following night, the Prime Minister put everything straight by saying, "Our relations with France are so close as to pass far beyond mere legal obligations." Paris is proportionately pleased and Rome saddened.

INTERNATIONAL focus has suddenly moved in two directions simultaneously, if a focus can be said to move anywhere, and if it can be said to move in two places. What I mean is that the Berlin-Rome axis is extremely busy. While Rome shouts for Tunis, Germany faces eastwards. Lithuania, Danzig and the Polish Ukraine are obviously the next storm-centres. Nothing may be done within the next few weeks, except possibly the moral absorption of Lithuania into Germany.

IF Herr Hitler absorbs, even morally, Lithuania, which I think is inevitable, and if he wishes to expand Ruthenia into a separate Ukrainian republic, he will have got a perfect position for squeezing Poland with a pincers. The Ukrainians do not like Poland. The Lithuanians hate Poland. They have never forgotten the way in which General Zeligowski captured Vilna in 1920. If Herr Hitler told the Lithuanians that he would make Poland give Vilna back to Lithuania, he would win the hearts of every Lithuanian. The Poles, on the other hand, would be vexed.

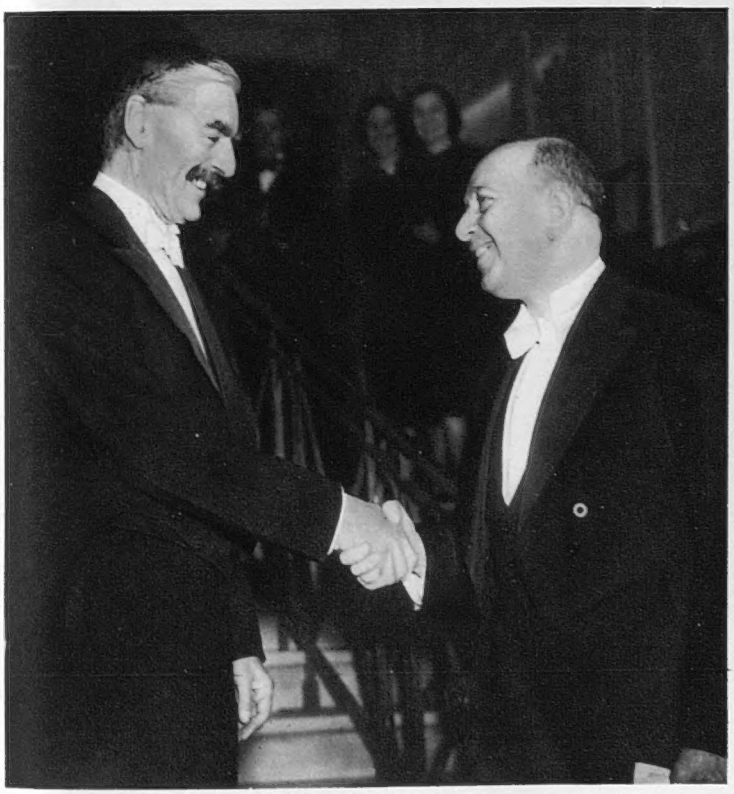
YET another German-Italian agitation is in the direction of the Suez Canal, of which Kipling wrote so peculiarly that it was only east of Suez that a man could raise a thirst. One of the most widespread beliefs in this country is that Britain owns the Suez Canal, Disraeli having bought it with the help of the Rothschilds and given it to Queen Victoria. Actually, the majority control of the Canal is French, and out of the thirty-two directors, only ten are British. What Disraeli did was to buy a very large block of the shares, but not the controlling interest.

THE Latin temperament is a strange thing. One would suppose that Latins were pretty much the same all the world over. They certainly are not. When earnest and excited crowds of Italians were parading the streets of Rome shouting "We want Corsica. We want Tunis. We want Nice," French crowds, equally Latin, were parading the streets of Paris shouting, amid gusts of Homeric laughter, "We want Stromboli. We want Vesuvius. We want the Leaning Tower of Pisa."

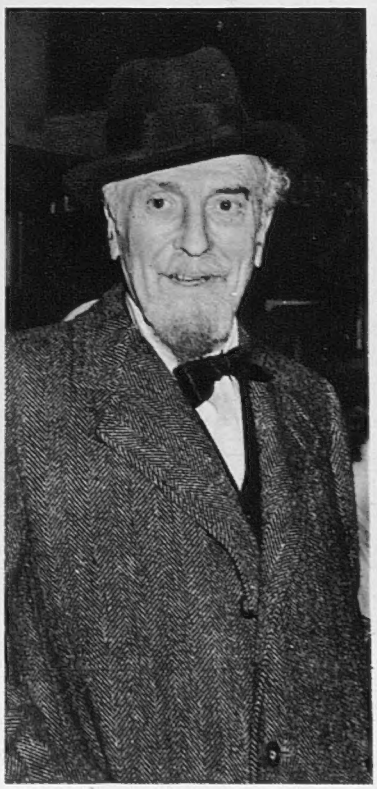
A GOOD deal more will have to be heard, in more senses than one, about the air-raid sirens. They were a fantastic flop. One official excuse is that people could not hear them when their windows were shut. But another department of A.R.P. says that when air-raids are likely, windows ought to be shut against gas. So what? I think the noise made by the sirens in their famous try-out is exactly parallel to the whole A.R.P. system. In other words, it is all very nice, but it means nothing.

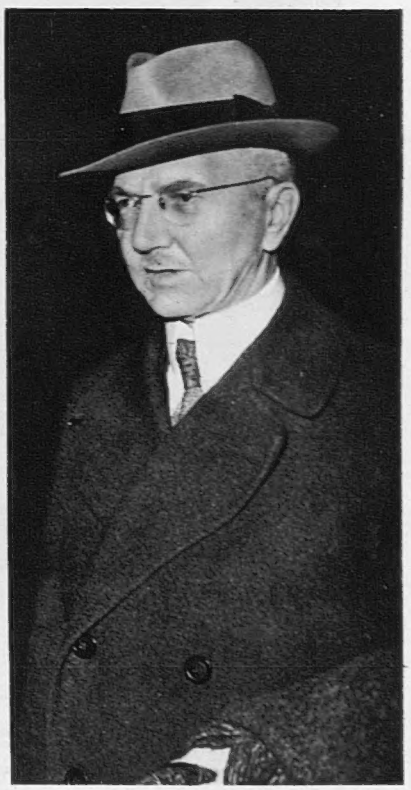
I AM told that some of the younger Conservative Members of Parliament are now referring to Mr. Vernon Bartlett as "that B.B.C. crooner." They are, I think, a little wrong.

(1) Mr. Bartlett has never been a crooner; indeed, those of us who enjoy the privilege of his friendship have always made it a fixed rule that he should never be allowed to sing.



The Foreign Press Association *welcomed the Prime Minister to its Jubilee Dinner in the person of its Polish President, Dr. Stefan Litauer. The Dinner was notable for the last-minute absence of the German party, including the Ambassador; the audience was notable for its discriminating applause of the various items in Mr. Chamberlain's catalogue of appeasement agreements; his speech was notable for its affirmation of the closeness of this country's relations with France—"so close as to pass far beyond mere legal obligations"*





Money talks *were held last week in London between Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, and Dr. Schacht, President of the German Reichsbank, chiefly on the subject of Jewish emigration from Germany. They had met earlier in the week at Basle, whence Mr. Norman was here arriving at Victoria. Dr. Schacht came via Holland, where he went to discuss Jewish financial questions. Dr. Beyen, President of the Bank for International Settlements, also came from Basle for the London talks*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 443)

(2) He is not in the B.B.C.

(3) It was the Conservative party, led by Sir Austen Chamberlain, who got Mr. Bartlett thrown out of the B.B.C.

So I think the Tories have made a one hundred per cent. error. What a strange thing for Tories to do.

THE dockyard at Rosyth is to be re-opened on a limited scale. This is all to the good. Scapa Flow, Invergordon and Rosyth are three pistols facing the North Sea. But there is another naval base that ought to be reopened at once; and that is Milford Haven, in Pembrokeshire. The three Scottish bases defend Great Britain against capital ships emerging from Continental ports, but Milford Haven is the ideal base for protecting merchant ships from America against submarines.

THE Minister of Agriculture had a bad time at Lincoln when he addressed a meeting of farmers, who booed and heckled and badgered him for a couple of hours. I must apologise for my fellow-countryman. He ought to come to me for lessons in answering Lincoln hecklers. When I stood for Parliament in Lincoln in 1923 and 1924, it was as much as any man's life was worth to heckle me. I was King-Repartee, and by the end of the campaigns nobody dared to open their mouths. On the other hand, nobody voted for me, so, perhaps, Mr. Morrison gets the best of it.

FULL marks for the week go to the Rev. J. R. Paget, curate of Leighton Buzzard, who preached a sermon to Bedfordshire dart-players. He took as his text First Samuel, Double Top. This naturally puzzled his congregation for a moment, but then he went on in his sermon to explain that the twentieth verse of the twentieth chapter of the First Book of Samuel reads: "And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof as though I shot at a mark." When I add that the Rev. Mr. Paget added that "there is plenty of room for a better understanding of public houses and the Church," I think you will agree that Leighton Buzzard is pretty fortunate.

WHEN Mr. Eden visited Baltimore on his way back from Washington, he was surrounded by his ancestors. He is the direct descendant of Sir Robert Eden, the last Colonial Governor of Maryland, who is buried in Annapolis. Sir Robert married the sister of Frederick Calvert, the last Lord Baltimore. The name Calvert crops up all over Maryland, and the Baltimorians are particularly proud of their connection with the little Buckinghamshire village which is also called Calvert. The flag of Maryland is made up of the Calvert arms, and the Maryland colours are black and gold, from the old family.

THE sale of Mr. Randolph Hearst's treasures goes merrily on, the silver being polished off, so to speak, at Christie's a couple of days ago. Mr. Hearst's total collections were, and indeed still are, the largest in the world. There are warehouses in New York which contain literally thousands of packing-cases which have never even been opened. There is, for example, a complete Spanish monastery contained in fourteen thousand cases. Mr. Hearst had a sort of megalomania about collecting, and his agents have been working for him incessantly for over fifty years in all parts of the world.

THE Association football season is half-way through, and in the championship division Derby County and Everton are well ahead of the field. It is very seldom that any clubs get so far ahead at the half-way stage. Derby County possesses the most brilliant line of forwards in the country, and the tradition of the great Steve Bloomer has been recaptured. In my young days, Steve was the classic centre-forward whom we all pretended to be when we were playing in the back-yard.

CHRISTMAS is obviously the time for giving to charities, and there is many a charity—alas!—which is sorely in need of funds. But when you are opening your cheque-books I would like you to think that one charity is, perhaps, almost more important than any other, and that is the appeal for "Wireless for the Blind." There are more than 70,000 blind people in England and Wales, and 44,000 of them have been supplied with wireless sets as a result of this appeal in past years. That leaves 26,000 who have no wireless sets. It is a common joke to laugh at the B.B.C., but it is a joke that is only enjoyed by people who have eyes. For those who have no eyes—well, I needn't go on. Send your money to Lord Southwood, care of the BYSTANDER, and make the world a little better for the blind than it is at present.

I OFFER, with deference and respect, Christmas greetings to all readers of the BYSTANDER, and also to all my colleagues—with the exception, of course, of Mr. Bevan Wyndham Lewis. My solicitors are, at the moment, preparing a libel action against him for suggesting that I am in the habit of bicycling round Mayfair, hand on hip, whistling and shouting "Yoohoo" to duchesses. I don't need to shout "Yoohoo" to duchesses. But this is the only blot upon my Yuletide landscape, and towards you all, duchesses included, I feel nothing but a kindly sentiment.

Socialist candidates: *the Hon. Frank and Mrs. Pakenham, seen here with their family, have both been adopted as candidates by the Labour Party: he for Oxford City, she for the King's Norton Division. Mr. Pakenham is heir-presumptive to the titles and Parliamentary seat of his brother, Lord Longford*

Independent candidate *in to-day's by-election, which rivals the recent Bridgwater contest in the public interest it has aroused, is the Duchess of Atholl, here seen with her Conservative proposer, Sir James Wilson, of Callander (left), and her Liberal seconder, Sir William Haldane, of Cloan. The fight is a straight one with the Conservative candidate, Mr. W. McNair Snadden, on the issue of the Government's foreign policy. Her opposition to this policy caused the Duchess to resign and seek re-election for Kinross and West Perth, which she has represented since 1923*

Elizabeth Allan Sits for Cathleen Mann

The latest addition to Cathleen Mann's gallery of celebrities is her portrait of Elizabeth Allan, for which the actress has been sitting in the artist's studio at 5, Cheyne Walk. Elizabeth Allan is acting at present in one of the most successful comedies in London — *Quiet Wedding*, at Wyndham's — playing the girl whose nervous dislike of all the fuss, facetiousness and dress-fittings that surround a bride nearly makes her forget that she is marrying (Frank Lawton) for love. In private life she is the wife of William J. O'Bryen, the impresario. In private life Cathleen Mann is the Marchioness of Queensberry

Social Register

FIVE ENGAGEMENTS

Mr. Prescott and Miss Aldridge

Stanley Prescott is the son of Major Sir William Prescott, Bt., and Lady Prescott, of 7, Clarence Terrace, Regent's Park. His father, who received his baronetcy in this year's Birthday Honours, is chairman of the Metropolitan Water Board. He is engaged to Gwendolen Aldridge, daughter of Leonard Aldridge, of 31, Queen's Gate Gardens, S.W.7

Miss Nada Macklin, Her Fiancé and Her Sister

Nada Macklin is engaged to Comte Jean de Caraman, son of the Comte and Comtesse, of Chateau de Courson, France. They are being married very shortly in London, and will then live in Paris. They went to Wembley to watch her skating-star sister, Mia, in the Championships. Nada and Mia Macklin are the daughters of Capt. and Mrs. A. N. C. Macklin, of the Fairmile, Cobham, Surrey

Miss Dorothy Thomas

Leslie George Gray-Cheape is the Gray-Cheape, of Carse Gray, ceeded to Bentley Manor, Wor- Highlanders. Dorothy Thomas and Mrs. Aubrey Thomas, Breconshire. They are going to

Mr. Jock Butler and Miss Riggall

Jock Butler and Hermione Riggall, of Great Meadow, Castletown, Isle of Man, were married at Malew Parish Church, I.O.M. He is the younger son of Sir Montagu Butler, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and ex-Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man, and Lady Butler, and a brother of R. A. Butler, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs

TWO WEDDINGS

Mr. John Macleod and Miss Theodora Wills

John Macleod is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macleod of Skeabost, Isle of Skye. Rosemary Theodora Hamilton Wills is the eldest daughter of the late Noel Hamilton Wills, and Mrs. Wills, of Miserden Park, Stroud, Glos. They were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. The bride is half-Scots, her mother being the daughter of the late Hon. Sir Hugh Fraser, of Stromeferry House, Ross-shire. She is a niece of Lord Dulverton, chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company

and Mr. Gray-Cheape

only son and heir of Mrs. Angus. He recently succestershire, is in the Seaforth is the daughter of Captain of Cefndyrys, Builth-Wells, be married on February 4th

Miss Bembarion and the Hon. Fiona O'Brien

Fiona Myles Maryons O'Brien and Josephine Bembarion announced their engagement three weeks ago. He is the younger brother of Lord Inchiquin. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bembarion, of the Old House, Westcott, Surrey, and 30, Brook Street, W.1

Miss Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. George Young

A Diplomatic engagement is that of George Peregrine Young, Second Secretary in H.M. Diplomatic Service, and Elizabeth Knatchbull-Hugessen, elder daughter of Sir Hughe and Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen. Her father was Ambassador to China until last year. Mr. Young is the elder son of Sir George Young, Bt., and Lady Young, of Formosa Fishery, Cookham, Bucks. They are being married next March

CABARET PREMIERE

Miss Lloyd Thomas and the Marquess of Granby

Lord Granby and Sylvia Lloyd Thomas were at the Café de Paris together for the opening of the new cabaret. He is the Duke of Rutland's nineteen-year-old heir, and she is the younger daughter of the late Hugh Lloyd Thomas, and came out in 1937

The family party below are Lady Edward Hay, Maryoth Hay and Lord Edward Hay. They were at the opening of the new Deanna Durbin vehicle, "That Certain Age," at the Leicester Square. The attractively named Maryoth Hay is Lord Edward Hay's twenty-year-old daughter by his first wife. Lady Edward Hay is Sir Paul Latham's sister

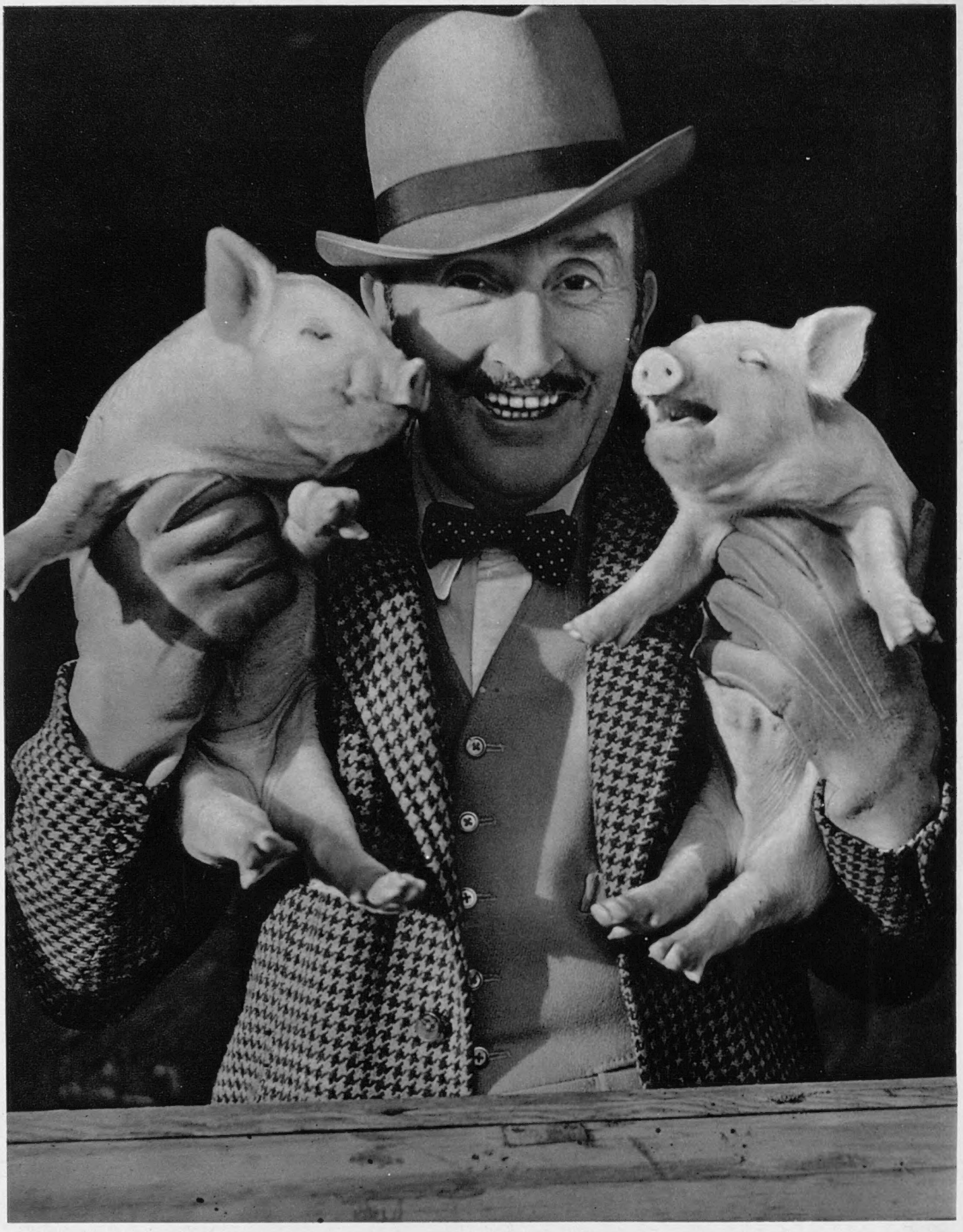
CAROL-SINGING FOR CHARITY

Mrs. Myrtle Farquharson and Mrs. Otto Lund

These five warblers were practising their parts as Mayfair Carollers before going around London masked and singing for charity. They opened their campaign with a concert at Lady Londonderry's house last Thursday. Miss Olga Lynn is the organiser and chorus mistress. Lady Dunn, who is one of the singers, was hostess to this rehearsal

Chorus Rehearsal: Mrs. Aspinall Oglander, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper and Mrs. Lucas

FILM PREMIERE



Tom Walls, Happy and Glorious

Tom Walls is happy because he has attained the ambition whose seeds were laid when he was born fifty-five years ago into the rural hierarchy of Northamptonshire—to become himself a horsey squire with lands, gardens, hot-houses, pedigree cattle, all administered in a miniature of benevolent despotism. This he now is at The Looe, near Epsom, and at the Abbey Chase stud-farm near by. He shares with an ex-Prime Minister, a Surrey neighbour, the propensity for being photographed in country clothes with piglings and produce. Tom Walls is glorious because in attaining his ambition he has surpassed it, becoming a celebrated actor, manager, producer, and film star with his own company, a winner of the Derby and a patron of sport. We salute him as a successful man

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Drinking companion Sir Toby Belch (George Devine) and Sir Andrew Aguecheek (Michael Redgrave). The wise fool is Feste (Warren Jenkins)

"Twelfth Night" (Phœnix)

M. Michel Saint-Denis, who is so sensitive where Tchekov or Obey is concerned, seems to me to approach Shakespeare as an outsider. I certainly cannot feel that *Twelfth Night* is in his bones or even in his buttons, so full of missed opportunities is the performance at the Phœnix. Not that it is singular in this. Go to almost any performance of a play by Shakespeare and, if you know and love the play, surely what must strike you above all else is the wanton way the players throw away the marvellous chances offered. Instead of getting the most out of the lines, they seem intent on getting the least. "Hurt him," says Sir Toby, "in eleven places." Not in one place, in eleven, with all Sir Toby's immense relish in that eleven. But Mr. George Devine seems more intent on finishing his sentence than serving it. And west the opportunity goes. Mr. Warren Jenkins seems almost to apologise for Feste, one of the best clowns Shakespeare ever created. It is because he mistakes his lines for bibble-babble that his effect is vain. Mr. Michael Redgrave, though he presents a very fair *character*-study of Sir Andrew, is also very scurvy with his words, uttering them with so little point that one is forever wishing he would speak them a good deal "less natural." And when Miss Lucille Lisle as Maria, convulsed over Malvolio, declares that she could "hardly forbear hurling things at him," does she begin to realise what a picked word that "hurling" is? So, again and again, Shakespeare runs to waste, unless someone like Miss Edith Evans is present to extract the verbal essence for us.

For while Miss Peggy Ashcroft is a charming Viola, with moments of touching emotion, she lacks the mastery of light and shade which alone can bring poetry to life. This Viola is a *very* nice girl, but that is not enough—not nearly, nearly enough. Perfection, after all, is the minimum Shakespeare has a right to expect! Mr. George Hayes as Malvolio is not far from it. If his performance is in the conventional tradition, it is none the worse for that—a fine, dry, egregious composition, with good sentences well pronounced. Another member of this company who gives Shakespeare his due is Mr. Basil C. Langton. His Sebastian combines sound with sense in a way that makes blank verse seem, most refreshingly, something more than an obstacle to be surmounted or a flood to be drowned in.

As to the "production"—well, isn't the acting ninety-nine per cent. of any producer's job in Shakespeare? But of course there must be costumes and a scene of some sort, and it is these, oddly enough, that in most people's minds distinguish one production of Shakespeare from another. For my own part, I would produce all Shakespeare's plays in the Elizabethan convention, but would I worry about Mrs. Siddons' costume if I saw her as Lady Macbeth or Edmund Kean's scenery if I saw him as Richard III.? The point is, how *are* we to get Shakespeare acted well—not just one or two parts in each production, but all the parts? There is, I am sure, only one answer to that—a theatre devoted to Shakespeare (we haven't got one now) with a company not concerned in acting anything else. It's wonderful how he grows on actors when their attention is not diverted.

Sketches by Rouson

Villainously cross-gartered Malvolio (George Hayes) pays court to frigid Olivia (Vera Lindsay)

Love sickness strikes Viola (Peggy Ashcroft) and Orsino (Esmond Knight)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" How many pieces of sugar don't you take? "

One of the things to remember this Christmas, if you think of it, is that what the Angels actually said to the Shepherds was *" Peace on earth to men of good-will,"* not *" Peace on earth, good will towards men,"* a totally different matter, especially as the number of men of good-will up and down the world doesn't seem to be notably increasing, unless our rosy old spectacles need wiping. Another thing to remember is that when the tired leader-writer boys serve up their annual Spirit-of-Christmas stuff this year, they will use the second, or garbled, version as before, simply because it seems to them more benevolent and Dickensy, it being an article of faith in Fleet Street that there wasn't any Christmas till Dickens invented it. But the more enlightened of the citizenry will be in perfect order this Christmas in stubbornly refusing to wish peace to men of turbulence and evil, kicking them in the pants whenever possible, as is only right and proper. Not that it is always easy to distinguish. Every year at the huge, jolly pre-Christmas luncheon-party the Millses throw at Olympia to open their circus, we see round us, mingled with faces we reverence, admire and cherish, faces of a detestable and even revolting kind, wreathed in fat, pink smiles, and oozing bonhomie—those of sadistic editors, for example, and wealthy publishers steeped in sin, politicians and leaders of Society with hearts falser than their wigs, cynical gossip-boys and perjured booksy and dramatic critics. But such is the festal atmosphere that everybody says Hello and is matey as all-get-out, whereas at the first blast of those Life Guards' trumpets people ought (we always think) to get up and denounce the more wicked present with an accusing finger. We have a short list already prepared, and at their service.

Incidentally, a clergyman had the courage last week to deprecate the Great Gastric Guzzle of Belly-Feast into which Christmas has declined for about 80 per cent. of the modern population of these islands. Naturally there were not wanting citizens next day to denounce him as a killjoy. So (as Mephistopheles remarked to Martha) runs the world away.

Wuffwuff Corner

Convinced that Mr. William Hickey was mocking himself sardonically of the populace when he recently described some of the contents of a doggie magazine he had just discovered, we went to the extent of looking up a copy, and found a new and alarming world opening before our goggling eyes. It seems clear that large numbers of British bow-wow worshippers are steering in the same direction, judging by the In Memoriam notices (" . . . sadly missed by Mumky, Father, and Kath "), the poems about little dog-angels barking a welcome to their adorers in Paradise, the list of bow-wows promoted to non-commissioned rank, and the correspondence, which excels in woozy charm even that you see in the popular dailies. Possibly before long the cultus of the Dog-God Anubis will be flourishing in what was once a more or less Christian country; the increasing savagery towards children (see the news, passim) is an obvious sign-post. Are we right in thinking this trend rather ominous and appalling? Maybe it's we who are heading post-haste for the Loony-Bin, and not the drooling doggie worshippers? Write your opinion (100 words) very neatly on one side of the paper, with your name and address in LARGE CAPITALS, colour prettily in paint or fancy chalks, and address it (care of this page) to " Auntie Joy," who will call next day and give you a great clop over the ear with a polo-stick.

" Could we have 'The Maiden's Prayer'? "

What Price Glory?

Whichever side you favour in Spain, we take it you admit the ferocious fighting courage and tenacity of the Spaniard in either army, the same to-day as in the Peninsular War, or in the Reconquista hundreds of years before, when Aragon took arms against the Moorish horde. Meditating on this historical truth, we noted with faint surprise the other day that the *Daily Express* thinks the real heroes are the Special Correspondent boys. " The glory goes to the British and American correspondents who . . . showed such calm deliberation and courage as they followed the sway of battle on the Ebro." Which is something of a leg-up for those chaps, and should offset what Evelyn Waugh says about them in *Scoop*, that wicked satire on Fleet Street; not to speak of considerably astonishing the shade of Kitchener, who was apt to treat special correspondents as office-boys and a general nuisance. It will also (probably) raise a few passing doubts in the minds of chaps who have actually been involved in battles, for although nobody denies that the leading newspaper correspondents have courageously run risks in the Spanish business (and few of 'em have omitted to detail these, either), there still seems to us a certain fundamental difference between fighting and writing.

We used to get the same blank feeling when on leave during the Great War, when chaps in snug home billets used to describe air-raids to us with a wealth of horrific detail, implying rather angrily that we slackers at the Front just didn't know what a war was like. Generally we agreed with them rather humbly, for it made them excessively indignant. They then rang for a lovely blonde chauffeuse and were driven haughtily to the Savoy for lunch, and we shamefacedly caught our train back to France and dolce far niente.

Débâcle

HEAVY rain in South Africa the other day—an eerie and disturbing thought, like that of sunshine in Manchester—not only drenched the crowds at the Voortrekker Centenary in Johannesburg but held up Test cricket in Durban. "Stumps drawn at 5.30 on account of rain and bad light," said the cables on the opening day, one of them adding that the shivering fans had been sitting round on wet grass eating meat-pies and, drinking cups of nice hot tea carried round by Indians; a different picture of South Africa from those decorative arrangements in bright blue and hot gold on the liner companies' folders. But these things happen. We know a chap whose train, full of swarthy sons of the desert, was once stuck in a snowdrift in Algeria, and we have ourselves been soaked to the skin in sunscorched Lombardy, where it often rains like blazes; but till now we haven't been able to connect South Africa in our mind with Manchester weather—or with cricket either, for that matter. Those South Africans we 've met looked quite human and certainly hadn't the Cricket Face, which is very like the Sacred Bat, but a trifle longer, carved from much the same wood, but with less expression, and, generally speaking, death. Our guess is they don't take cricket very seriously in that man's country, and that this opening débâcle made most of them laugh like billyho. Maybe, too, they agree that rain must be rather an ass if it thinks it can make that wet game any wetter.

Canada seems to be the only Imperial Dominion or outpost where King Willow gets a real healthy kick in the flannels. No doubt the Cricket Faces have done their best, possibly even trying to make the inhabitants play on skates and snowshoes, telling them cricket has a valuable formative ethical influence on the Young, and all the rest of the tosh. This might fool them temporarily in Toronto, but it would certainly cut no ice in Quebec Province, that Arcadia, and we can even see the honest square-faced farmers getting after the Cricket Faces with rook-rifles or flintlocks, using oaths in Louis XIV. French and calling doggedly on St. Anne de Beaupré to rid them of the vietsdazes. Good for Canada, say we.

Islanders

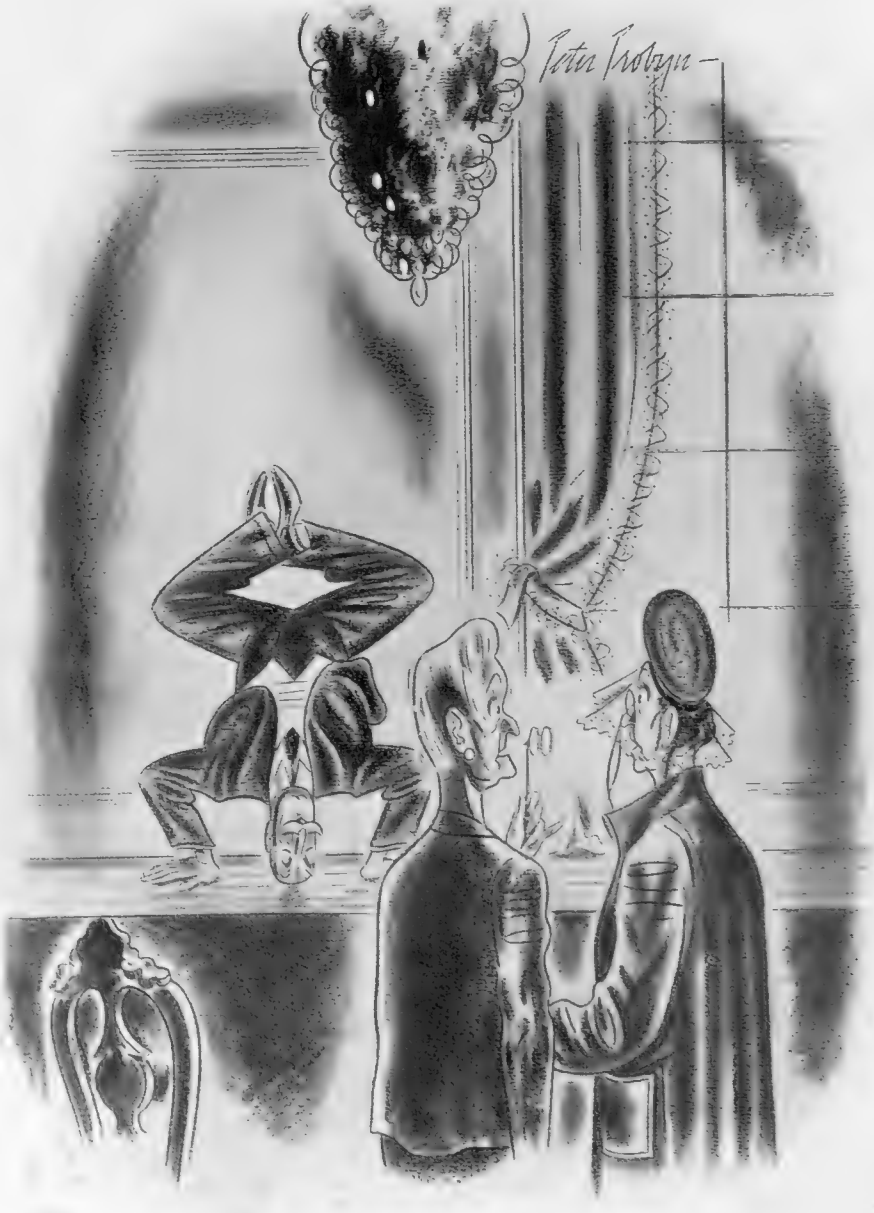
CORSICA took rather less kindly, we noted, to the recent Italian outburst than did either Tunis or Nice. The Corsicans were extremely angry and stoned the Italian Consulate at Ajaccio, roaring that they were French and intended so to remain. No doubt pride in Napoleon has a lot to do with it, over and above normal Corsican pride, which is very like Spanish and Highland pride, and sometimes goes with the same haughty poverty. It was not unusual at one time to hear of noble Corsican families living exclusively on chestnuts served on massy crested silver plate. (Stendhal once said that Italy is the only civilised country in which poverty is not deemed amusing, but he was doubtless wrong.) Anyhow, we don't envy anybody who stirred up the Corsican wasps' nest. They 'd probably have more than one General Paoli up their sleeve, if wasps have sleeves; blood-feuds would languish and bandits enlist, and though we hate to say it of a fierce, brave island people, a general rising probably wouldn't do their cooking any good either, and it 's not so hot now, Heaven knows.

Nice didn't demonstrate much, perhaps because the Niçois don't quite know which country they belong to even now, and probably have—not unnaturally—no great affection for any, judging them by the specimens of all nations they see on the Promenade des Anglais and in the Casino. Not so the Swiss, who know quite well they are part of the Raj, and may rise some day and heave all the ramping Winter Sports boys and girls into the alley, plonk, to their great astonishment. They don't do it at the moment because they fear the wrath of Arnold Lunn, as we 've told you before.

Sadismus

BURGLARS are generally such decent chaps that it is grievous to hear of one, affected evidently by the wave of sadism at present engulfing half the world, who deliberately tore an empty gas-meter from its moorings the other day and nearly poisoned a family of four in East Ham. This is dead against the spirit of the Craft. Even big financiers don't break up the furniture in a passion when they fail to ruin a rival's home, and relatively few publishers descend from their Rollses to beat the starving wives of their authors and other serfs with a little whip when annoyed.

To rob with courtesy and benevolence should be the ideal, and as the kindly grafter in the O. Henry story said, one should never skin a sucker without admiring the prismatic beauty of his scales. Spiteful brutality of the kind attributed to the East Ham burglar gives the whole profession a stinking name among us sober citizens, and if it goes on many of us may retaliate by chucking those 50-per-cent.-guaranteed-dividend City circulars into the waste-basket, to begin with. And then what would Monte Carlo look like in the Season, huh? **D. B. Wyndham Lewis**



"Huntley has been so peculiar since he read that book of Yeats-Brown's"

Films of the Day

Deanna Durbin Grows Up

By George Campbell

THERE seem to be two schools of thought about Deanna Durbin. There are those who detest child stars in general, and child stars who sing in particular. These people are mostly fathers and mothers with a conviction, which they sometimes reveal to me with photographs, believing these will support their case, that their own offspring are barred from fame and riches only by a hideous Hebrew conspiracy. The other school find little Miss Durbin quite enchanting, and wish they had six daughters exactly like her. Need I say in which school you will find this enlightened department?

That Certain Age, let me confess, is not Miss Durbin's masterpiece. *Three Smart Girls* was funnier, 100 *Men and a Girl* both funnier and more touching. But *That Certain Age* is very pleasant entertainment none the less. It takes a little while to get started, but once the famous correspondent, invited to recuperate from a war wound in the last place you would expect to find him, his proprietor's home—once he runs into a conspiracy of young people to get him out, because they need his quarters for rehearsals, the thing becomes really funny. To complicate matters, the newspaper proprietor's sixteen-year-old daughter proceeds to fall desperately in love with him. The extravagance and delirium, the disillusionment and despair of adolescent love are indicated with skill and sympathetic humour.

ONCE again Joe Pasternak's production is practically faultless, and the acting first-rate. Miss Durbin, now at that interesting age midway between childhood and womanhood, has a certainty of touch, both in comedy and pathos, which actresses twice her age might envy; and she has lost none of her fresh young charm. If the songs she is given are not quite so distinguished as in one or two of her other films, they may, for all I know, be all the more popular for that. Melvyn Douglas plays the correspondent with the subtlety and resource of one of the finest actors on the screen; John Halliday, though unusually matey (in my limited experience) for the proprietor of about sixty newspapers, is otherwise convincing, as always; Irene Rich makes a welcome come-back as his wife; and Jackie Cooper gives an extraordinarily clever study of calf-love. There is also an amazingly precocious (and talented) child called, if I have identified her correctly on the programme, Juanita Quigley.

THERE are also two schools of thought about Bing Crosby; but here I am content to sit on the fence. *Paris Honeymoon*, by Mr. Crosby's standards—in fact, by almost anybody's standards—is not particularly good. There is just one funny scene—I mean the one where that versatile actor, Akim Tamiroff, playing comedy for the first time, lets the American millionaire a castle. With an eccentric but not grotesque make-up and a superb aplomb, he makes some average dialogue sound brilliant. Later, I regret to say, he has to waste his talent on a deal of none too subtle fooling.

Mr. Crosby's leading lady is the quaint little newcomer—I feel quaint rather than beautiful is the word—Franciska Gaal. Miss Gaal has piquancy and charm and a gift of pathos, and altogether is by way of being an actress. Shirley Ross is Cinderella's rival, Edward Everett Horton is not very funny as the millionaire's valet, and Ben Blue contributes some eccentricities that didn't kill me, either. Frank Tuttle directed *Paris Honeymoon*, which was at the Plaza last week.

***"That Certain Age":** Deanna Durbin at sixteen falls in calf-love with Melvyn Douglas, to the despair of Jackie Cooper, in the film at the Leicester Square, reviewed here*

"ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES" was directed by Marc Allegret, who made the excellent *Gribouille* and the still better *Orage*. Unfortunately, this time his scenario is a little muddled. It was a good idea to show the life of the students at the Comédie Française; and with such a subject a certain diffusion of interest is inevitable. But *Entrée des Artistes*, for at least two reels, is rather perplexingly discursive. The girls are too much alike, and I was continually having to wait a second before being able to distinguish them.

When allowance is made for all this, however, the film is interesting and well acted, especially by Louis Jouvet. His part, as the professor of dramatic art, is not as big as one could wish, but he makes every word of it tell.

Of the young people whose affaires provide so much fun (most of it malicious) for the onlookers, Claude Dauphin is the French maiden's dream, Janine Darcey has originality and a genuine dramatic power which she does not have to force, and Odette Joyeux (which may not be her real name) gives a clever study in amorous frustration and smiling malignancy.

"RACKET BUSTERS" is good strong gangster stuff, showing how a bright young prosecutor breaks the racketeers who levy tribute on road transportation and New York's greengrocers. Or, to be more precise, lets the victims do it for him, in as vigorous a scrap as I have seen for many a long day. George Brent plays the lorry-driver hero, Allen Jenkins is his pal, Gloria Dickson his wife, and Humphrey Bogart the menace.

OF the other new films, *The Birth of the Year* is another intelligent and beautifully photographed short about the Zoo; *Garden of the Moon* is a mediocre musical with Pat O'Brien and Margaret Lindsay; *The Last of the Cavalry* is a poorish action-picture with Preston Foster and Madge Evans; and *Many Tanks, Mr. Atkins* is a British farce which might (I hear) be called hearty.

***"Entrée des Artistes":** Janine Darcey and Odette Joyeux are two of the young dramatic students whose intrigues and jealousies make the going in this prize film (Curzon). Louis Jouvet is, as usual, impassive and polished as M. le directeur*

Paulette Goddard and the Younger Fairbanks Act Together

The Young in the Heart is the film which gives Paulette Goddard her first real part since Chaplin lifted her out of obscurity for the lead in *Modern Times*. In it she demonstrates a straightforward personality and a capacity for clear acting which make her rumoured selection as Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With the Wind* no improbability. Set in London after a Riviera prologue, the film introduces us to the Carletons, a family whose stock-in-trade is charming roguery: Roland Young and Billie Burke as parents, Janet Gaynor (new stuff for her here) and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as equally sleight-of-hand children. Meeting a wealthy old lady whom they plan to pluck, the family is reformed by her youthfulness of heart and faith, and the children marry steady partners: that is where Paulette Goddard comes in. *The Young in the Heart* goes to the Odeon on Boxing Day

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

I Want to be Alone

By V. S. Pritchett

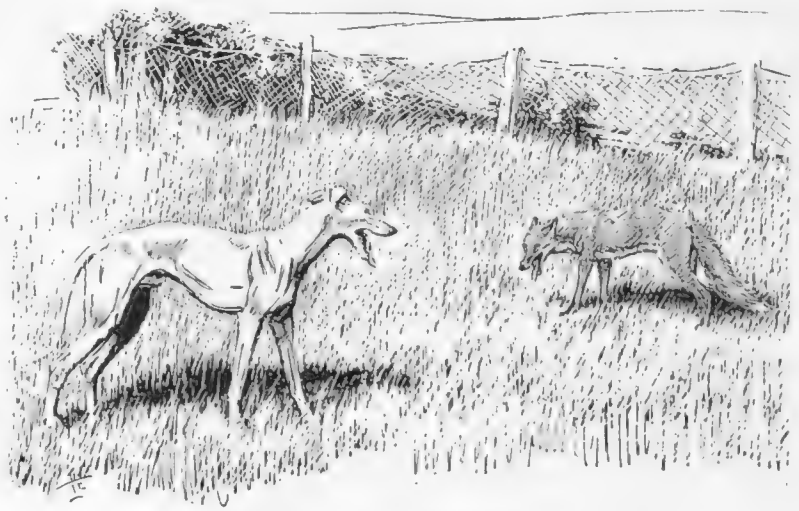
WHATEVER else this age is it is not an age of rhetoric. "I have passed the age when one enjoys sighing," wrote the chronically sarcastic wife of the romantic Chateaubriand. "I love neither the wind nor the moon." That is our mood, too. Prompted by M. André Maurois' *Chateaubriand* (Cape; 12*s.* 6*d.*) to take down the potted *Atala*, etc., which shook me to the foundations when I was seventeen, I was shocked to see the purple passages I had marked ecstatically; and how I had neglected the excellent direct autobiographical writing in the *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*. Chateaubriand lived a monstrously protracted adolescence. He wanted to retire from the world into the solitude of the limelight. As a contemporary said, he wanted a hermit's cell in the middle of the stage.

Chateaubriand has left a vivid picture of the childhood which formed his genius. The youngest son of a misanthropic father who devoted his life to recreating the lost feudal life of their aristocratic ancestors, Chateaubriand was brought up in the sepulchral castle of Comberg, in Brittany. In the evenings his father paced up and down hour after hour without speaking to his scared family and the boy was driven up alone, and in horror of ghosts, to one of the towers to sleep. It was a childhood made to turn the mind upon itself, laying the foundations of that restless Byronic ennui which, in later life, gave the politician and diplomat the ravaged, twisted, cavern-eyed look of one who had exhausted even the agonies of living, the hollow air of the spent orator. But before this the Revolution intervened with action. First as a liberal who liked the views but hated the actions of the revolutionaries he went to America; then, finding his family attacked, and himself wounded in the Duke of Brunswick's army, he fled to England, where he was to starve in Holborn, lose his Rousseauism, recover his Royalism and prepare to be the intellectual ornament of the Empire.

The two great charges against Chateaubriand are: insincerity and senseless pride. His defence of Christian dogma and his lyricism about virginity looked odd beside the abandonment of his wife and the cynical procession of his mistresses.

He was certainly heartless with women. His defence was the artistic temperament and that the Sylphs were already unhappy when he met them. He preferred the melancholy, the fickle and the ailing, and naturally, they were melancholy when he left them. They tended to die or go mad. But, as the cool often are, he was kind and solicitous. "Save that he shattered your life," one lady said, "he was prepared to make it a sweet one." Only Madame Récamier and his wife seem to have managed him well; there was something virginal about the former which held him, and his wife, at the times when he was unable to dispose of her, shackled him with her cantankerousness. When he was too cold she opened the windows; when he was too hot she stoked up the fire. It was a way of getting even—a marriage.

Chateaubriand was a shrewd Ambassador with a taste for splendour. It was, in fact, at the Embassy in London that his chef ensured for him that immortality which (now romanticism is dead and *Le Génie du Christianisime* one of the unread classics of special pleading) is confirmed on every menu whenever steak is served. M. André Maurois has written a lively, sympathetic and engrossing narrative.



"The enemy stood his ground"

This Lionel Edwards' drawing is one of the illustrations he has done for "Grig the Greyhound," a story by Mark Flint of a greyhound Derby winner and his young owner. The author is evidently an expert in greyhound affairs, for much of his technical knowledge is welded into the story. The book is published by Country Life, for 5s.

MR. CYRIL CONNOLLY stands at the fading edge of the Chateaubriand shadow and finds the air going chilly; ". . . were I to deduce anything from my feelings on leaving Eton, it might be called *The Theory of Permanent Adolescence*. It is the theory that the experiences undergone by boys at the great public schools, their glories and disappointments, are so intense as to dominate their lives, and to arrest their development. From these it results that the greater part of the ruling class remains adolescent, school-minded, self-conscious, cowardly, sentimental and, in the last analysis, homosexual. Early laurels weigh like lead and, of many of the boys whom I knew at Eton, I can say that their lives are over . . . now in the early thirties, they are haunted ruins."

This quotation is from the second and brilliant autobiographical half of *Enemies of Promise* (Routledge; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Acid, candid, searching and assured, it differs from other pictures of boyhood by ignoring the overdone trailing clouds of glory and getting down to the really formative influences on his mind: the birth of snobbery in Anglo-Ireland—the hornet's nest of snobs—the birth of fear at Eton, the birth of humorous character. ("Come along. Connolly is being funny.") All this is entertaining, for his malice has polish, extravagance and a fine cutting edge. The earlier part of the book, though Irish destructiveness and instinct for intrigue are strewn like broken glass through it, is an intelligent study of the present dilemmas of imaginative literature. Why has the life of important books been reduced to ten years? Imaginative writing faces either death by war or penal servitude in the vernacular. When most of the prophets are unreadable and the critics either overworked or lying, like snakes in the grass, regurgitating slogans, the slothful detachment and acerbity of Mr. Connolly are refreshing.

ONE expects the dramatic moments in American accounts of adventure to be overdone in the gasping fashion of the news reels, but Commander Byrd's *Alone* (Putnams; 7*s.* 6*d.*) lets a terrifying experience make its own effect. In a temperature that was once 74 degrees below, Byrd lived in a snow tunnel in the Antarctic for five months while he made meteorological observations. The experience nearly killed him and he has written a very honest book about it. His rescuers were unable to move him from the place for two months. A good deal of mystical stuff is written by explorers about solitude, though none writes about the publicity instinct which seems to have the same root; Byrd is more matter of fact. And like Scott and modern man generally, however much he tries to escape, he had, of all things, financial panic when the crisis came. Simple, human and revealing and almost intolerably exciting, his book ought to be read.

SO ought Mr. Lockley, the ornithologist, who has made a habit of living alone on the small islands of the coast of Wales and Ireland. *I Know an Island* (Harrap; 10*s.* 6*d.*) has delightful stories of these places where the huge thump of the sea, the screech of the birds and the telegraph hum of the wind are never out of one's ears, and he writes with unpretentious accomplishment about them.

"Old Bill" Again: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Nothin' like 'avin' a bit o' real old Christmas feelin 'around yer work as well as at 'ome"

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 101

Whitney Straight

WHITNEY STRAIGHT is one of the very few rich young men in London who get up at 8 a.m. each day, and seldom leave the office before 7 p.m. In fact, he is a good example of heredity.

For, though his father died when he was four, he shows signs of all the concise thinking and organising qualities of his grandfather, who founded the Whitney fortune. He was born in New York, and went to a local day school until the age of thirteen, when his mother entered him for her own co-education school at Dartington Hall; following which he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he read Moral Science Tripos. He already had his pilot's ticket, however, having got his "A" licence on the day after his seventeenth birthday—the earliest the law permits, having already done 50 hours. Since then he has done 1400.

Whitney Straight has never played any games. He likes fishing, and he shoots occasionally. But his great hobby was motor-car racing and, believe me or not, he won no less than £11,000 in prize money and starting money in 1934 alone.

The previous year, what's more, he broke the record of the Mount Ventoux hill-climb, previously held by Rudolf Caracciola. He was also invited to compete in the Monte Carlo round-the-streets race, which is always a great compliment. Still more flattering was an invitation to join the German Auto Union racing team—actually, he remained faithful to his Maserati, his last race being the Grand Prix of South Africa, which he won at an average of 95 miles per hour, after flying down in his own aeroplane from England. It was then that he married Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, and simultaneously went into the aerodrome business. His first step was to lease Ramsgate aerodrome from the local Council, having had it specially designed at their expense.

Then, gradually, he took over other aerodromes, six of which were entirely designed by himself. He now has eleven, as well as two air lines—Western Airways and Southern Airways. Western Airways carried 24,000 passengers last year, which was more than any other internal air line in this country. It also inaugurated the first regular night service in Great Britain. Straight's other interests include six flying schools, at which there are 500 pupils at the moment under instruction. He has even been concerned in the building of aeroplanes, for the Miles Whitney Straight was manufactured to his specifications, and has proved one of the most successful light aeroplanes in the last few years. Further, though he is only twenty-six, as I have just told you, he is on the board of twenty-one companies, and on the executive committees of most of the governing bodies of British aviation, such as the Aerodrome Owners' Association and the General Council of Light Aeroplane Clubs. He is also president of the Aircraft Engineers' Association; not surprisingly, for he has flown thirty-five different types of aeroplanes.

HIS head office is in Manchester Square, which he reaches no later than 9.30 a.m. His aerodrome restaurants are being made attractive enough to secure other custom than the ordinary aerodrome clientèle, and their takings go up every week. His week-ends are spent almost entirely in inspecting his various aerodromes. Other nights he stays at home. He always wears a stiff white collar and a gold watch-chain by day. He only smokes occasionally, and within a month will have all his enterprises on a paying basis. He has never had a smash in a motor-car or an aeroplane. He is not at all superstitious, though occasionally he touches wood—to be on the safe side, because it is such little effort. He is, as you can see from Slater's drawing, exceedingly good-looking. He has a daughter aged sixteen months, an insignificant black poodle, and a house in Hyde Park Gardens. Incidentally, he has not been back to America since his honeymoon.

Charles Graves

Harlip

The Lady Willoughby de Broke

The birth of Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke's son and heir last September was an important event in the history of a barony that dates back to 1491. Until he was born, Lord Willoughby de Broke's aunts, the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd-Baker and the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury, were co-heiresses to the title. Little Leopold David Verney has King Leopold of the Belgians as his godfather. Lady Willoughby de Broke was Rachel Wrey before her 1933 marriage. She comes from a Devonshire family, is the daughter of the late Sir Bouchier Wrey, and niece of the present baronet. She and her husband live at Woodley House, Kineton, in Warwickshire, where Lord Willoughby de Broke owns about 6000 acres. He is an A.A.F. Squadron Leader and commands the County of Warwick Bomber Squadron. Apropos this picture of his good-looking, fair-haired, clear-eyed wife which has been shown in Harlip's exhibition in Bond Street, the Russian photographer said that out of two hundred sitters, Lady Willoughby de Broke was the only one whom he could persuade to look straight through and not at the camera

Christmas is Coming, the Dames are

La Grande Dame: Douglas Byng's Dame

La Commère Rustique: Nelson Key's Dame

Douglas Byng in the "Babes in the Wood" in Edinburgh

Douglas Byng at Christmas forsakes Flora MacDonald and the Respectable Landlady and his other goes seasonably into damehood. Not for nothing has Byng been called England's best-drest dame. over detail and ensemble, witness the elegant and royal person above, absolutely studded with dia- flowers and fur: thus does Douglas Byng appear in the palace scene of Emile Littler's presentation Wood," at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh. Other Littler pantomimes are at Manchester, Liverpool,

in their Prime, Please Spare a Guinea for the Pant-o-mime

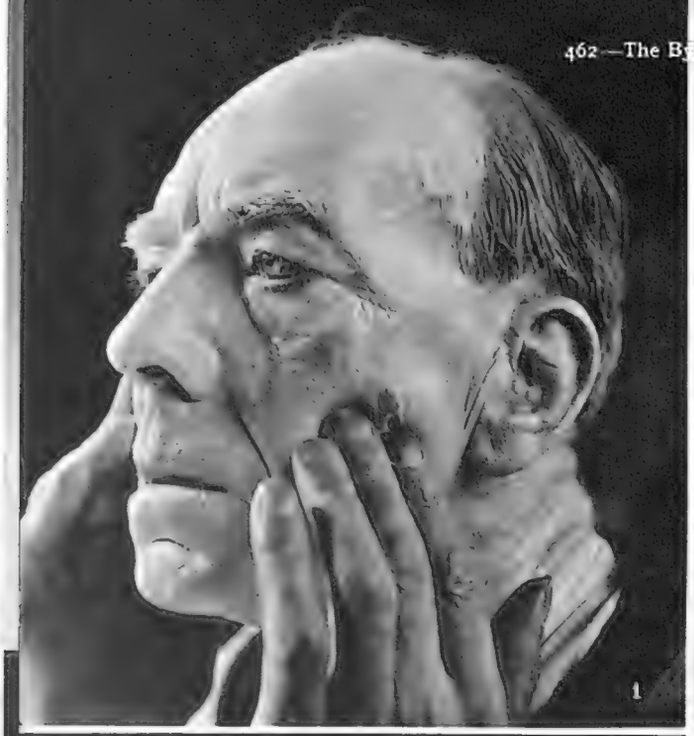
famous perennials and He takes immense trouble monds and rubies and of "The Babes in the Leeds and Birmingham

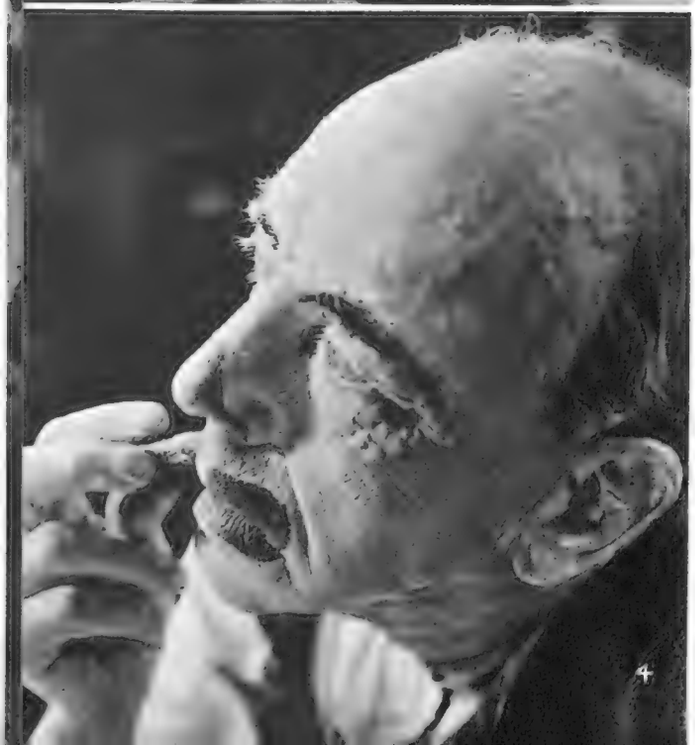
Nelson Keys in "Red Riding Hood" at Covent Garden

Nelson Keys, incomparable mimic and satirist, will portray something new in dames at Covent Garden, something faërique and gossamer beside the solid plush dignity of Douglas Byng's personification. As Mother Hubbard, Keys will be in loco parentis to Polly Ward and Patricia Burke, and his incisive style of humour will be juxtaposed with George Jackley's broad Simple Simon. "Red Riding Hood" opens at the Royal Opera House on Boxing Day, and it is to be a spectacular production, with tableaux and a harlequinade. Francis Laidler, who presents it, is also putting on panto at Bradford, Sheffield, Leeds and Birmingham

Grace on the Ice, by Cecilia Colledge

Ice figure-skating, more fluidly graceful than even the ballet, is a form of expression in which woman has a starting advantage over man. Men practised in figure-skating, which calls first for balance, muscle control and timing, are inclined to become sinewy and hard, whereas woman tends under skating's training to develop her natural contours. Thus she is better fitted to interpret the rounded grace of this sport-art. Miss Cecilia Colledge has been famous throughout her adolescence as a figure-skater. She started at seven, entered the competitive rink at ten, held the British championship from 1935, the European from 1937, has been several times runner-up and once winner of the world title. These photographs, taken when Miss Colledge was practising for last week's championships at Wembley, show how the precocious youngster has developed into the mature artist





THE clown has to do his own make-up and he has to do it quickly and frequently in crowded corners where his fellows jostle him and pinch his powder and paint. Therefore the clown is quick and deft in obtaining the effect he wants: 1, he smears on the dead white; 2, he reddens the nose; 3, two swipes and eyebrows appear; 4, two more for the mouth; 5 and 6, powder and wig, and there he is, no longer Ernie la Plante of Poplar, but a clown

The Clown Makes Up

Wet or dry, in sickness or good health, his job is to be irresponsibly and irresistibly comic

Clowns have made up like this for four centuries

ERNIE LA PLANTE is the clown on this page. He clowns for Krone's circus, which got off the mark early at the Agricultural Hall. Krone's, the biggest travelling show-ring in Europe, has its headquarters in the valley of the Danube and is owned by Karl Krone, a seventy-four-year-old circus veteran who, like Frau Krone, was born in a circus waggon. Formerly Krone played "living hurdle" to a pack of wolves and his wife had an act with twenty-five full-grown lions; nowadays they are content to manage and care for their family of men and beasts. It is the first visit of Krone's to England. But whatever foreign circus is at Islington (Hagenbeck's was there last year), the clowns are always British and of these, Ernie la Plante is typical. In private life he is an unassuming person talking in deep, husky Cockney, although he has clowned all over the world. He has no desire to do anything but clowning, and he is proud to wear the livery (Grimaldi wore none other) of his ancient, tradition-steeped profession

Baron

John Armstrong

Artist and Designer

Forty-three pictures by John Armstrong are on exhibition in London—forty-two of them at the Lefevre Galleries until December 24th, and the other one in its permanent home at the Tate Gallery. "Dreaming Head" was bought by the Tate just before Armstrong's show opened three weeks ago. It is a good example of his later work whose fantasy has brought the word "surrealism" into the notices of every art critic, but with varying degrees of conviction. As a decorator John Armstrong's work has been widely seen. He has a series of panels in Shell-Mex House, and a big panel in the Orcades. For the ballet he designed the décor and dresses for *Façade* (Sadler's Wells); for the films he worked on *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* and *Rembrandt*, among others. The love of exact detail apparent in his painting reappears in his hobbies, which are model-making and carpentering

"Dreaming Head"—a Tate Acquisition

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★ Tar-asun is the old-style beer of China. Brewed from wheat or barley, it is sweet, and generally drunk warm. But a Chinese epicure can pay you no higher compliment than ask you to enter his execrable house and delight his despicable family by cooling your honourable throat with celestial Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

"Bystander" Short Story No. 170

Why the Button?

By Milward Kennedy

Illustrations by Relf

"Now let me get this clear," said old Mr. Peachey. "The point on which you want my advice is whether to apply for a warrant for the arrest of Frederick Matching for the murder of this man Brown—the possessor of several aliases, and a reputation for blackmail, and no doubt other crimes of the same unpleasant kind."

"That's it, sir," said the Superintendent. "You see, this is the first time a murder case has come my way, except ones that you couldn't well call murder in that same way: a man losing his temper, and with too much drink in him, picking up a brick and—nothing like this."

"But surely the Chief Constable's the proper person——"

"Oh, yes. Certainly, Mr. Peachey. But—to be frank, I want your advice on the case I'm to put up to him. I know that you have had experience, in India and that, where murder's a good deal commoner."

"All right. I confess that I find retirement irksome at times. Now let us get the facts. The evidence suggests that the man Brown was blackmailing not Frederick Matching, but his cousin George. I gather that you were led to this conclusion by, first of all, a note-book found in Brown's lodgings, and, secondly, by the unprofessional indiscretion of George's bank manager. I gather also that your enquiries have led you to conclude that Frederick's financial situation makes him an object of no interest to any blackmailer. Correct?"

"Entirely, Mr. Peachey."

"Next, we note that the cousins are reported to be on bad terms. Until a year or so ago George made Frederick a generous allowance; then they quarrelled."

"Correct, sir."

"There is a suggestion—in other words, you have evidence which is suggestive rather than conclusive—that, subsequent to the quarrel, Frederick made the acquaintance of the man Brown. At all events, a man resembling Frederick has been seen on various occasions in Brown's company and on friendly terms with him."

The Superintendent nodded, and added an expression of regret that he could not get cast-iron evidence on this point.

"Now the crime. Brown, it is clear, drove down that night into the country, in the direction of George's house. But that is all that one can say. Five miles or so short of it, he turned off into a by-lane leading, through thick woods, to nowhere in particular. He turned the car off the

(*Continued on page 468*)

Why the Button?

(Continued from page 467)

road. He may or may not have smoked a cigarette: he had a half-empty packet of Players in his pocket, and there was the butt of a Players in the road near his body, but that again is not conclusive.

"We come, then, to the oddities. Brown was shot in the back of the head; a large-calibre revolver was used, but beside him in the road lay a small automatic, from which one shot had been fired some months ago, and which bore Frederick's finger-prints, and which he admits to be his. Beside the body was also found a glove; a right-hand glove, much worn but newly marked with the initials 'F. M.,' in ink. Frederick has not denied that the glove may be his; he says that he lost one some months ago and threw away the left-hand glove, having no further use for it. It is impossible to corroborate or disprove his story. Then there is the third peculiar feature. In Brown's dead hand was found a button with a fragment of an old dark blue mackintosh attached to it; a torn fragment. The button and the fabric were definitely clasped in his hand, but not as tightly as might have been expected if it had been torn off in a death-struggle. But there again you can't be dogmatic: rigor plays queer tricks. How 's that?"

"You 've got it all, Mr. Peachey."

"Good. Now you 've made such enquiries as you could about those three objects—the automatic, the glove, and the button. The automatic definitely belongs to Frederick, but—he left it behind when he was staying with cousin George, before they quarrelled. He was heard by the butler to say, in conversation with his cousin, that he had come across it by chance, having forgotten that he possessed it; that he 'd never had a licence for it and didn't know what to do about it; that he didn't really want it but would like to fire it once. And George said, 'Well, let 's fire it'; and so, apparently, they did, in the garden; and for some time it was in George's study, and he once remarked to the butler that he really must clean it. And then it disappeared.

"The glove. There is a chest in George's hall that has quite a collection of old gloves in it, and George sometimes rummages there for a glove to do some dirty job in. If Frederick dropped the glove in George's house it would probably have been put in that chest; or, of course, George might have found the glove and kept it—and marked it. The marking was so much newer than the glove; it 's odd to mark any glove—most of all an old one.

"And then the button and the scrap of mackintosh. All the evidence that you 've been able to collect is to the effect that neither George nor Frederick ever possessed a dark blue mackintosh.

"Now where does that get us? Two pieces of evidence superficially point to Frederick. But even if somehow he recovered his pistol, it does not help; it was not the pistol that killed Brown. Both it and the glove look like fake evidence; clues planted by a fool. You meet that sort of thing in India: someone—even the police—plants the wrong evidence, say a pistol beside a man whose throat has been cut. Anyway, I don't see how you could hope either to ignore the pistol and the glove or to use them in evidence against Frederick.

"Who planted them? The natural choice, it is plain, is Cousin George. He was being blackmailed (and perhaps for something that prevented his going to the police); he had quarrelled with his cousin; he had, at any rate, had possession of the revolver. But—and it 's a very big 'but' indeed—the man Brown was certainly killed before midnight; the medical evidence seems firm on that, and is corroborated by his broken wrist-watch. And up to midnight George was in London; there 's impeccable evidence that he didn't get into his car, to drive home, till nearly one in the morning. So George couldn't have planted the pistol and glove, *and* couldn't have done the murder."

"That 's how I see it, Mr. Peachey."

"What is left? Observe that there is another oddity. How to reconcile the button and the torn mackintosh, and their suggestion of a struggle, with the wound in the back of the head and—it may be—the cigarette-smoking? The

(Concluded on page ii)

"Yes," said the Superintendent; "yes and no"

Fashion as it flies . . .

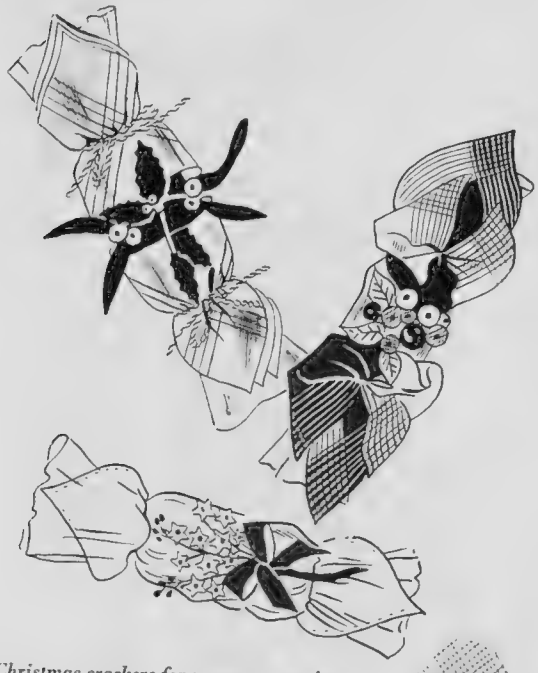
by Elizabeth

Here is a most versatile suit, and one that will be unobtrusively right for all informal engagements. You can sail into breakfast at a strange hotel with utter confidence in such a suit, and repeat the performance at lunch-time, secure in your obviously effortless smartness. Its long, straight lines (the jacket is unbroken by pockets or ornamentations) make a perfect background for furs. For travel, shopping, or just looking efficient in the home, this is perfect. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, make it to order for 7½ guineas in fine West of England suiting. The jacket is striped in three tones of the same colour, and the plain skirt picks up one of these colours. If you intend to use it as a house suit it is worth while having two skirts made; especially as there are two plain cloths to tone with each striped material

Elegance After Dark

Elegant as a Victorian curtsey, gay as a basket of wild flowers: Celanese printed taffeta faille for an evening dress that you will remember long after the last waltz is forgotten. The fabric is a field of anemones in natural colourings; so lifelike you might think you could gather a bunch from your skirt and pin them into your hair. The frock is simply cut with a full skirt, and the strapless bodice is pleated softly into a plastron front.

Statuesque beauty in a frock of Celanese satin poult. Here is a gown to flatter your sense of the dramatic. In gleaming white, it is made for a spectacular entrée and a memorable occasion. Pleats edge the shell-shaped bodice and are drawn back to a high waist. The bustle is reminiscent of the late Victorian period, and the short but sweeping train glides softly after you when you walk. You will wear this gracefully and in the grand manner, holding your head up and moving slowly.

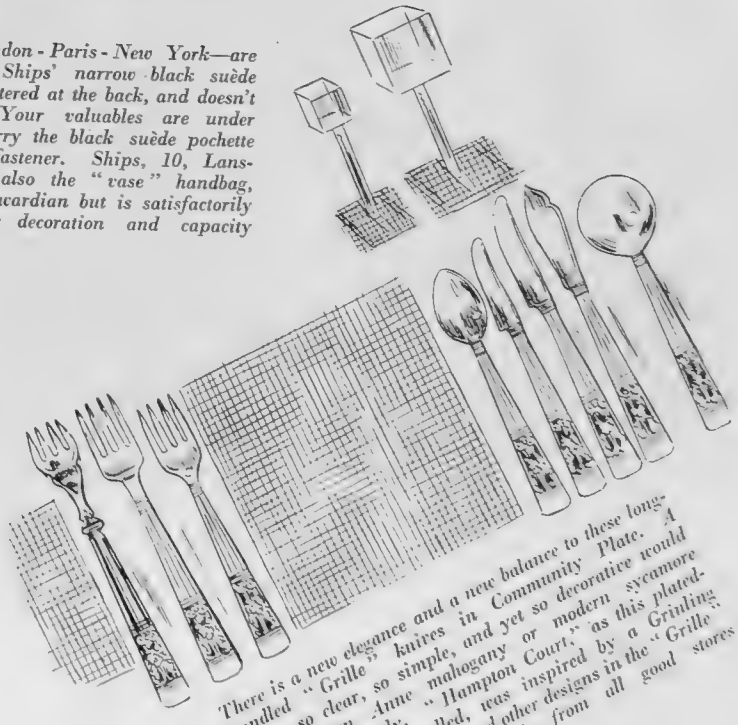


Christmas crackers for grown-up parties from Givan, 112, New Bond Street. They are made with handkerchiefs, the points of which hang over the contrasting-coloured paper skirts of the crackers. You can choose ladies' chiffon evening handkerchiefs, coloured day handkerchiefs, or men's linen handkerchiefs with coloured borders. The crackers contain hats and mottoes

Novelties

Fashion's Capitals—London - Paris - New York—are spelt in diamanté on Ships' narrow black suède belt. "New York" is lettered at the back, and doesn't show in the sketch. Your valuables are under lock and key if you carry the black suède pochette with a concealed slide fastener. Ships, 10, Lansdowne Row, have it; also the "vase" handbag, which plays at being Edwardian but is satisfactorily Georgian in its interior decoration and capacity

A chunky, chromium-studded pigskin bracelet to make your wrist look frail and your hand tiny. The centre stud snaps open to show a neat little watch. The girl who likes the sporting element in her accessories will fall for the belt which has a pistol-shaped fastener with an inset watch. (3½ guineas). It is made of pigskin, the colour of new saddles, and stitched with "saddle stitching." From Ships



There is a new elegance and a new balance to these long-handled "Grille" knives in Community Plate. A design so clear, so simple, and yet so decorative would grace Queen Anne mahogany or modern sycamore equally pleasantly. "Hampton Court," as this plated-handle design is called, was inspired by a Grinling Gibbons carving. This and other designs in the "Grille" type of knife are available from all good stores

Golf Clubs At Home

Sandy Lodge, Herts

The site of the Sandy Lodge Golf Club was once part of a coastal beach. This accounts for the deposits of sand which enables the course, to-day 260 ft. above sea-level, to resemble a seaside links. In 1908 Harry Vardon and Francis Markes pegged out a course there, and in 1910 the opening match was played. To-day Sandy Lodge, whose course can be stretched to nearly 6500 yards, has fully justified the foresight and care spent on it by providing a fine round in all weathers

(1) Phillip Gee (captain). (2) P. J. Stamp (committee and ex-captain). (3) C. R. Bock. (4) A. Havers (professional). (5) B. G. McKechnie and F. A. Morris. (6) B. Rickatson Hatt and C. Rickatson. (7) G. H. Dunbar and M. St. A. Moore. (8) G. B. Anderson, E. Homberger, J. D. Gordon and C. A. Weeks (secretary). (9) John Morris, J. B. Waters, Colonel Adam Brow and W. E. Preston (committee)

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Gifts to Golfers

When this issue of the Bystander makes its appearance on the bookstalls there will, I am afraid, still be numerous people who will have yet to do their Christmas shopping. It is a comparatively easy matter to find a Christmas present for a golfer, whether male or female, as nowadays there are so many articles of golfing equipment which can be procured for sums which range from a few pence to many pounds.

You can give a gift from a packet of tees to luxurious golf-bags filled with fourteen golf-clubs priced at two guineas each. There is no difficulty in finding suitable gifts according to your pocket, whether you be a millionaire or a pauper.

A gift which every golfer will find most useful is the *Golfer's Diary*, in which you can find the records of the more important championships and big golf tournaments, and also—more important still—a copy of the Rules of Golf, which can be consulted at any moment on the numerous occasions when some incident occurs on the golf-course which no one seems to know for certain how to deal with in accordance with the rules, and about which there are numerous arguments as to whether the player did what he should have done or whether he unwittingly broke a rule. It is really astonishing how ignorant of the rules of the game the majority of golfers are. Even in championships you continually find golfers who have little idea what they should do when their ball comes to rest on " ground under repair," or when it comes to rest on a putting-green other than the putting-green to which they are playing.

There are various and numerous contrivances intended to assist golfers who practise indoors or in confined spaces. However, hitting into nets is not such good practice as many people imagine. It is certainly useful, as it does loosen the muscles of those who have not played the game lately, and keeps supple the muscles of those who are in full practice, or as supple as their age will permit. When hitting balls into a net you nearly always strike the ball very accurately. The reason for this is that you have no temptation to look up and see where the ball has gone, as you know for certain it will go into the net and fall to the ground near your feet. You will probably have noticed that when you play in foggy weather you hit the ball well, and have only to search the fairway or the neighbourhood of the green to find it. The reason for these good shots is the same reason as for a good shot hit into a net—namely, that you don't look up, because there is no possibility of seeing a long shot soar on its way to its objective or elsewhere.

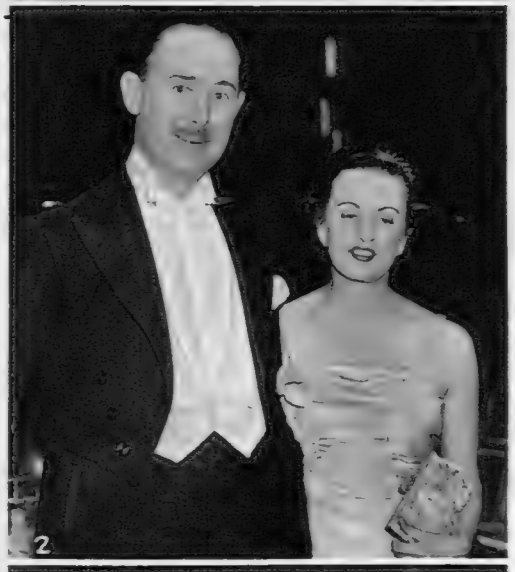
If you have a golfer friend who is keen enough to practise continually and is not rich enough to afford a caddie or a trained dog to retrieve his balls, you cannot do better than give him a gadget called a " Hammy." The " Hammy " is a metal tube with a handle on the top, long enough to hold fifteen balls on top of each other.

Having hit—or mishit—your fifteen balls you put the bottom of the tube, holding the tube upright, over those balls which you can locate and press down gently. The ball is then pressed into the tube and stays there. This gadget has the disadvantage that it does away with having to stoop to pick up balls, but it has the advantages that you can get many more practice shots into a given space of time, and also that you have not got to pick up muddy balls and put them in your pockets, where you may have some articles which do not cement a friendly union with mud. The " Hammy " also acts as a container in which you can carry your practice balls, and it fits easily with your clubs in a golf-bag, or can be carried loose in a car, and thus does away with the necessity of carrying a special bag for practice balls.

There are also numerous varieties of golf shoes and golf clothing which make most acceptable presents, not only to golfers, but to those who take part in other sports. On muddy courses, goloshes fitted with nails, with a strap to go over the instep, are most useful. After removing them, even when you have been playing on the muddiest of courses, you will find your shoes both clean and dry enough to proceed home in. Leather spats—or spats made of waterproof material—are also most useful in wet weather—in the winter especially—for those who cannot get round a golf-course without visiting long grass or heather.

The Open champion's new book on the game, *Golf 's No Mystery*, will be appreciated by all golfers, whether bad or good players, and only costs half a crown.

All the gifts which I have mentioned in this article can be procured from your local professional, so if you decide to get any of them from him (and every golfer should support to the best of his ability the professional of his local club) you will save yourself a visit to London, or your nearest shopping centre, and all the inconvenience and trouble caused by trying to buy in shops unpleasantly crowded with other Christmas shoppers and travelling in overcrowded trains or on overcrowded roads.



The Golf Ball

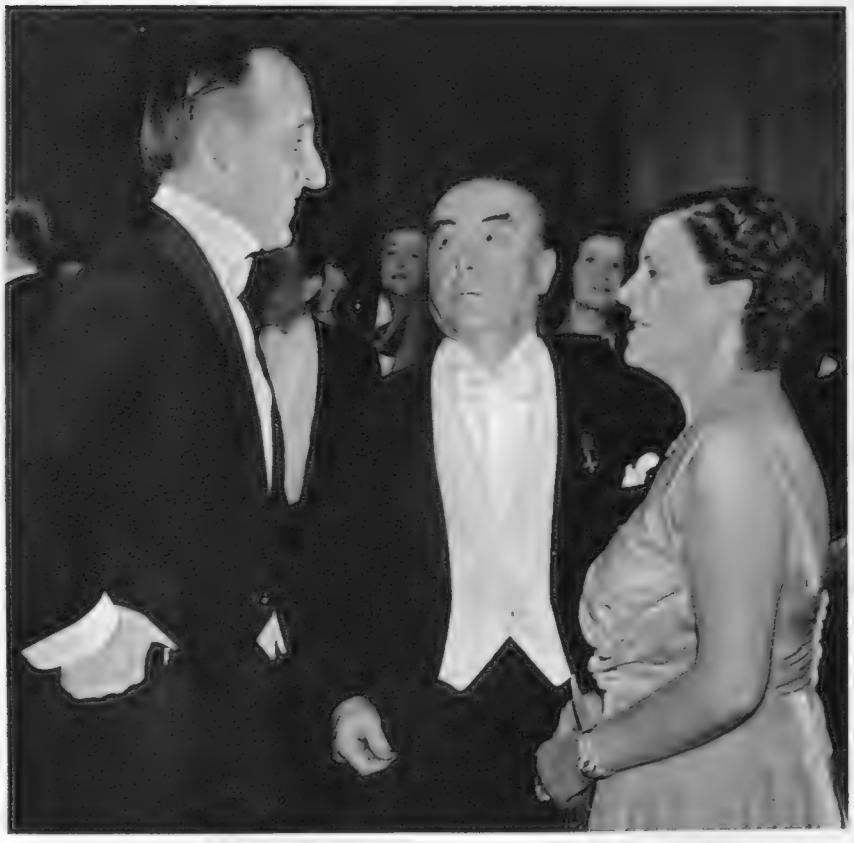
The Golf Ball was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the extension appeal fund of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. Many celebrities of the golfing world were there as well as potentates of the hospital, and these included (1) Miss Kathleen Garnham, throwing darts; (2) Mr. A. E. Porritt, one-time New Zealand Olympic runner, Surgeon to the King's Household and honorary surgeon to St. Mary's, and Mrs. Porritt; (3) Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. A. C. Critchley, laughing like one o'clock; (4) Mr. Frank Pennink, English champion, at table with his fiancée, Miss Nancy Stuart; and (5) Mr. Guy Harden, treasurer and vice-chairman of St. Mary's, and Lady Mellor

Personality News Reel

A Contract with Leopold Stokowski was the object of Harold Holt's hat-waving departure from Waterloo. London's leading musical impresario has gone to America at short notice in the hopes of arranging for a series of concerts over here with the Polish conductor

***Roses and carnations** were sent to pianist Harriet Cohen before her American trip, which no doubt has concerts and recitals as its reason. She also left London on the Queen Mary boat-train ten days ago*

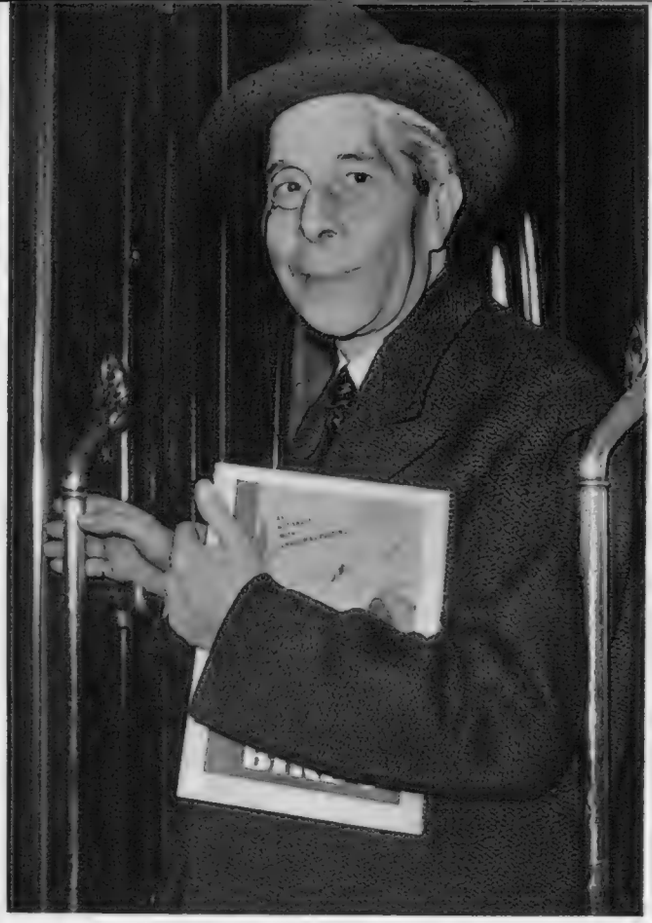
***Between port and port,** the visited Marrakech in Morocco, blanca and then on over the Atlas Meanwhile, his 850-ton yacht, Sans port and moved south to the other, The Duke is going on to*



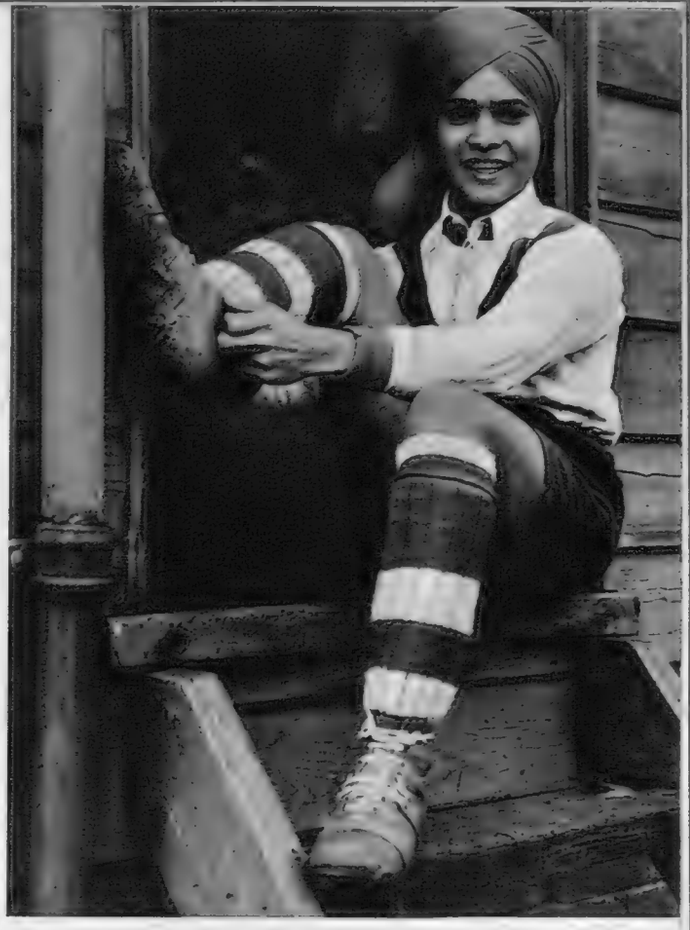
***A Birthday Party** was given for George Robey a week or so ago, although his sixty-ninth birthday actually was on September 20th. The party was also in recognition of his forty-seven years of fame on the stage. Here is Lord Londonderry, president of the dinner, and his guests of honour, Mr. Robey and his wife, who was Blanche Littler before their recent marriage*

***The Hot Dog** is a new restaurant which has just been opened in Wardour Street by Manfred Beckett, formerly Count Manfred Czernin and a nephew of Lord Grimthorpe. Here is the proprietor with two of his first customers, actress Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies and her spaniel. She was recently playing in Patrick Hamilton's psychological thriller, "Gas Light," at the Richmond Theatre*

Duke of Sutherland motoring there from Casa-Mountains to Agadir. Peur, had refuelled at one ready to start for Florida. Tahiti from Florida

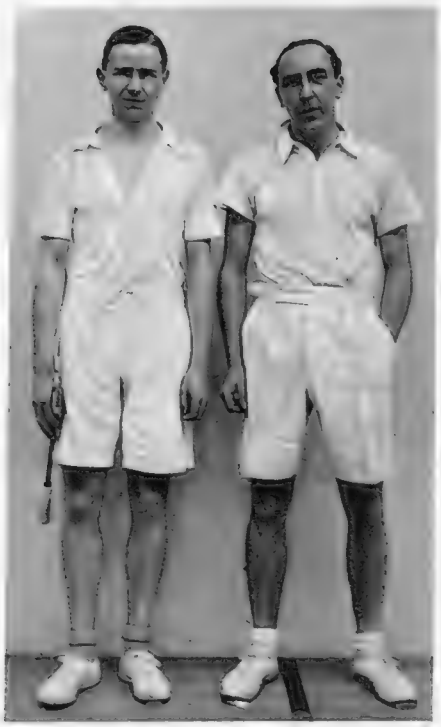


Another traveller *on the Queen Mary last time she left Southampton was George Arliss, who has gone back to America. "The House of Rothschild" one of his best films, has recently and topically been revived in London. The American Ambassador also went to New York in the same boatload of celebrities*



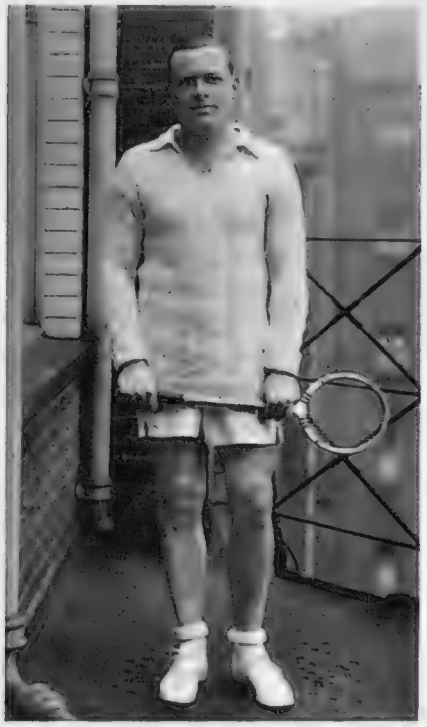
Football boots *are Sabu's favourite wear at the moment. He plays right wing regularly for the Beaconsfield Rovers and hates to miss a game. For Christmas he is going to Amsterdam to be present at the opening there of "The Drum," and also to broadcast. His next film will be Alexander Korda's "The Thief of Baghdad," with Paul Robeson, Conrad Veidt, and Vivien Leigh*

Physical Perfection *is the theme of the Chelsea Arts Ball this New Year's Eve. The huge backcloth, which hangs across the Albert Hall—120 feet by 60, of Venus and Adonis—has been designed by Doris Zinkeisen. Above she is working on a sketch of Venus in a chariot with a sunshade. On the right are two beauties rehearsing "Victorian Lady" and "Indian Clubs," or physical perfection hidden and revealed*



Finalists : *Kenneth Gandar Dower (right) becomes Amr Bey's successor as amateur squash champion. He beat Douglas Burnett, the Army champion, by three games to one*

Doctors : *Dr. J. F. Stokes was beaten by Dr. F. D. M. Flowerdew in the last eight at the Bath Club, the latter revenging his 1937 defeat, but losing in the semi-finals to Burnett. He is attached to the Great Northern Hospital*



Disappointed : *Edward Snell was runner-up for two years in succession to Amr Bey during the latter's dominance ; this year Snell was beaten in the semi-finals by the new champion*

Howard Marshall on Sport

WHILE the Rugby Selectors are brooding over their problems—and a good deal of brooding they 'll have to do, I 'm afraid—the Association football world is humming with discussion of the Cup Draw.

What battles there will be on the first Saturday in January, and how many thousands will be locked outside the grounds of their choice ! One match in particular takes the fancy—Everton v. Derby County—and there must have been some sprite, malevolent or not, according to your point of view, presiding over the draw to pair these doughty opponents.

Actually Everton and Derby County meet twice during the Christmas holidays in the League, so that they will have sized one another up fairly accurately when their Cup-tie comes along. And it should be a great game, for these are the two outstanding sides of the year.

AND how about Chelsea and Arsenal at Stamford Bridge ? That will draw the crowd, unless I am much mistaken. Do you remember, seven years ago, when Arsenal were Cup-holders, how Chelsea beat them 2—1 at Stamford Bridge, and what a sensation that was ?

Arsenal have been a bit off-colour this year, possibly because Bryn Jones has been doing his best to fit into Arsenal methods, instead of being encouraged to go his own extremely individual way. Still, he may suddenly strike his most devastating form and then Chelsea will be in for a busy afternoon.

Isn't it odd, too, that fifteen of the twenty-two First Division teams were drawn at home ? There 's luck for you, and I hope the fortunate clubs will make the most of it.

IN the meanwhile, followers of Rugby football must be looking round for fixtures with which to beguile the Christmas week-end. Possibly Saturday's matches will be more serious and technically competent, for on Monday a certain reaction may well be apparent.

As a matter of fact, Rugby players are apparently made of stern stuff. I have watched many a Boxing Day game, and even taken part in a few, and there appears to be no sensible diminution of effort or energy. I always used to wonder whether everybody else had as much difficulty as I did on these occasions in catching that essential second wind, but it is perhaps a peculiarity of the painstaking and ponderous forward that he suffers in silence, and gives no inkling of the gasping agony which overtakes him after the first ten spendthrift minutes. Forwards are a much-maligned race. They undergo tortures which no player behind the scrummage can understand, with the possible exception of the scrum-half,

J. G. S. Forrest *(Strathallan and St. Catharine's) sent Bruce-Lockhart over from a run and kick to score Cambridge's winning goal at Twickenham. On the strength of his play in that match, he was chosen for Scotland in the trial at Selkirk. He is destined for the R.A.F. after Cambridge*

C. L. Newton-Thompson *(Diocesan College, South Africa, and St. John's) was another member of the Cambridge side who made a favourable impression on the expert eyes watching play at Twickenham. He was picked for England in the trial at Bridgwater last Saturday*

With the Heythrop *when hounds met at Adlestrop was Lady Ashton. Her husband, the second Lord Ashton of Hyde, took over the Heythrop's mastership in 1934, the year after he succeeded to the barony*

With the R.A. Woolwich Draghounds *when hounds met at Green Street Green, near Farnborough, were Mr. Douglas Sconce, R.A., talking, with his wife, to the Master, Captain E. H. Colville (left)*

The Sandown Park meeting *the week-end before last was held in wet but not unpleasant weather. One of the afternoon's best races was the Sandown Handicap, about which Mrs. J. V. Rank is talking to J. Fawcus at top, above. He rode her husband's Cooleen to fifth place, while her brother-in-law's Jovial Judge came second. The race was won by Mr. Bailey's Rudolph IV. on a last-minute spurt. Among spectators were (directly above) the Duchess of Norfolk and Mrs. Henry Garnett*

and even scrum-halves are not expected to shove.

It may be that forwards are not expected to shove either nowadays, though if I had anything to do with the selection committee, I would not pick a back-row man who did not push his heart out while the weight was needed, however brilliantly he might cut capers in the open.

I 'm afraid we have come to regard the roving marauder as part and parcel of the game, whereas, in reality, he should be the exception, a forward so gifted with stamina and intelligence that he can shove and rove with constructive discretion.

But no more of this back-row forward problem. It will not worry us on Saturday, I trust, at Richmond, where we shall see the Army team in full panoply. A very useful Army team, only weak at half-back, though weakness in that vital position is no light matter.

The Harlequins have a fine game also, for Coventry visit them at Twickenham, and we shall see a number of claimants for places in the England team.

THE England Selectors, incidentally, seem to be pinning their collective faith to the older school of forwards. Perhaps they are right, and youth is having rather a thin time in sport just now. That was a remarkable performance by the negro Larry Gains, for instance, when he out-pointed young George James over twelve rounds last week. What is more, Gains nearly won by a knock-out in the fifth round. He is thirty-seven years old, this astonishing negro, and for as long as I can remember we have seen him moving like a panther round our boxing rings, sustained by beautiful footwork, and holding a deadly punch in reserve for the appropriate moment.

This defeat is rather a set-back for James, who has all the courage and determination and physique to make him a worthy successor to such doughty Welsh champions as Jack Petersen and Tommy Farr.

He just needs more experience, perhaps, and for the present we must withhold judgment on his prospects.

THEN how about K. G. Gandar-Dower, our new squash rackets champion, also above the thirty years of age mark ? Gandar-Dower is an exception, if we may call it exceptional to keep in strict training for so long, but his performance remains an extraordinary one. There was a time when squash was looked upon as a mildly strenuous way of cramming a good deal of exercise into a reasonably short space of time, but now, in the highest class, at any rate, it is a fiercely exacting game, only possible for the really fit athlete.

TALKING of fitness, news from South Africa is encouraging. And while we may sympathise with Hammond on the attack of sunburn which kept him out of action for a few days, how pleasant it is to think that some folk are basking in a sun so hot ! The M.C.C. team continues to give a good account of itself. I like to hear of Eddie Paynter getting runs—what a grand little player he is, and what a temperament he has for the game ! His partnership with Brian Valentine at Pretoria must have been worth watching, though it doubtless snuffed out the claims of googly bowler Xenophon Balaskas to a place in the South African Test side.

Wilkinson, Wright and Verity are going strong—spin seems to be the ticket, and however much South African critics may deride M.C.C.'s attack, I have an idea that when the Tests come along, our spinners will be among the wickets. So will Farnes, for that matter—South Africa has not seen the full fury of Farnes yet.

A merry Christmas, at any rate, to sportsmen the world over.

Cambridge at Sestriere : *the University ski-races, for which half-Blues are now awarded, are being run this week at Sestriere, 6600 feet up in the Italian Alps. The Cambridge team (below) arrived a fortnight ago to practise*

Overheard in the Air

By Charles Ward

Up the Air Guards!

THE Air Ministry and the Commissioners of the Civil Air Guard are now considering the various duties which could be undertaken by members in time of emergency. Some 5600 applicants have been considered at London's aerodromes, of which about half are expected to qualify as pilots. Seven clubs had 550 Guards in training at the beginning of November, on which date Airwork of Heston also joined the scheme. There were 58 subsidised clubs in the country when recruiting for the C.A.G.s commenced, and of these, all but two are participating. About 1000 members already hold an "A" licence, including 80 women. New training 'planes, on which many more members can be instructed, will make their appearance early in 1939. The most important is the Moth "Minor," for which large orders have been placed. It is logical successor to the Gipsy Moth, that still does duty at most clubs and schools. Even a ten-year-old Moth will fetch half its original price to-day, so keen is the demand for a reliable type, backed by a world-wide service organisation. The "Minor" takes its name from that of the new type Gipsy engine of 90 horse-power, the aircraft itself following the modern trend of low wing monoplane.

British or Foreign

WHEN the C.A.G. scheme was launched, there was much talk of utilising foreign-built aircraft to fill the gaps in production over here, but very few types from abroad were offered, and the clubs generally are in favour of waiting for British aircraft. Unless a foreign type is adequately represented in this country by spares and service, considerable risks of delay would occur during overhauls and after crashes. Another promising type in production from a home factory is the "Tipsy," of 60 horse-power. The origin of its name is that of the designer, Mr. Tips, no reference being intended to its appearance, which is orthodox, nor to its flying qualities, which are excellent. The "Tipsy" has been on the market, in limited numbers, for a couple of years, and has been thoroughly tested in races and on tours in Europe. General Aircraft, of Hanworth, are building the "Cygnet," whose flying qualities are known; also the "Cagnet" and the "Arpin." Tricycle undercarts will be incorporated. Blackburns have the Cirrus "Minor," of 80-90 horse-power, and a new engine called the "Midget," of 50 h.p., in active production.

Leaving the centre of Paris at 6.30, the traveller reaches Victoria at 9 o'clock, having enjoyed a good dinner en route. The "Ensign" liners of Imperial Airways are the biggest landplanes on any regular service. They cruise at 175 miles an hour

Lisbon Air Mail

BRITISH AIRWAYS is to enter into agreements with the Air Ministry and the G.P.O. for a passenger and mail service to Lisbon. This is the first regular stage of our South American line, along which experimental flights to Bathurst in West Africa are scheduled for the beginning of January. Lockheed monoplanes will fly between London and Lisbon non-stop until such time as Spain becomes normal, when a landing may be made in that country. One journey will be made in each direction every weekday. In preparation for the South Atlantic crossing by regular services, a conference is being held in Rio de Janeiro to co-ordinate weather forecasting systems. France and Germany maintain separate organisations for their Atlantic mail services and neither co-operates fully with countries in South America. It is our intention to put forecasting on a similar basis to that employed at home and across the North Atlantic. Our delegate to the conference is Captain Entwistle, guide, philosopher and friend on the matter of weather in any part of the world to every airman who has left England on a long-distance flight. One great advantage of a British route to Brazil, the Argentine and the southern continent generally will be the lowering of air-mail charges, which have remained on a high basis because experimental services are expensive, and the pay-load capacity of aircraft employed has been small. It is expected that our flying-boats on the line to the States and Canada will be able to carry two tons of letters per trip, and as both North and South crossings are of approximately equal length, the same weight could be carried from West Africa to Brazil

Pupils at a de Havilland Reserve School receiving instruction on armaments. There are more than thirty such centres in the country, where pilots are trained for short-service commissions in the R.A.F.

Cheapest Casino Week-end

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS and Sabena, through their agents, offer a cheap week-end at Namur for the price of a return ticket by air. The cost is £5 19s., which includes lunch en route, a first-class rail return from Brussels to Namur, accommodation at the Hotel Château de Namur, and all meals at the hotel or the casino. The 'plane leaves Croydon at 12 noon on Saturdays, and arrives back at 11.45 a.m. on Mondays. During the Christmas and New Year holidays, the same facilities are available, but for a longer period—from Friday December 23rd, to Wednesday, December 28th, and from Friday, December 30th, to Wednesday, January 4th. Known as the Namur Air Excursion, this is easily the best value in winter holiday travel. Early bookings are advisable, for air-liner accommodation is limited.

Christmas Books

"POWER AND SPEED," published by Temple Press at 8s. 6d., is intended primarily for the more knowledgeable of the younger generation, and, as such, it is an ideal gift for Christmas. Its illustrations are the finest obtainable, for the reason that the publishers are also the proprietors of specialised journals dealing with motoring, flying, motor-boating and, in fact, all forms of transport. Contributors include Sir Malcolm Campbell, Prince Chula of Siam, Flight-Lieut. Staniland. In another class is a pictorial brochure that will be sent free to readers who apply to C. C. Wakefield, of Cheapside. It is entitled *Achievements* 1938, and is a tribute to the men and machines that have made history during the year. "... until I almost flew into the back of another machine which frightened me so much that I was on tenterhooks until the finish. Geoffrey de Havilland, who was racing TK2, said afterwards that my wing actually overlapped his, and rocked his machine in passing." This is an extract from Alex. Henshaw's article describing his experiences during this year's King's Cup Air Race.

Scots enjoying a real Scotch
A young MacAlpine and an old MacIntyre — typical Scots if ever there were any — are unanimous when it comes to whisky. An offshoot of the MacDonalds of the Isles, the MacIntyres wear the clan badge of heath, while their tartan is a simplification of that of MacDonald of Clanranald, to whom one family of the MacIntyres were hereditary pipers. The MacAlpines, equally proud of their ancestry, boast of their antiquity in the ancient Gælic saying "hills and streams and MacAlpines" the inference being that the origins of all three are to be sought in the very dawn of history.
GILBEY'S SPEY ROYAL Scotch Whisky { 10 YEARS OLD }
IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

EVERYTHING awaits you, for the complete enjoyment of your winter holiday. Sun, new and interesting places to visit, a ship ideal for tropical cruising and service which is famous throughout the world. Make an early reservation for the JAN. 14 cruise of the Strathmore.

JAN. 14th
32 DAYS
From 64 gns

WEST INDIES
PANAMA
COLOMBIA
VENEZUELA

Also JAN. 20. VICEROY of INDIA
South America, Cape Town, Tristan da Cunha, St. Helena.
46 DAYS • FARES FROM 92 GNS.

P & O
"Strathmore"
CRUISE

14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. Australia House, Strand, W.C.2 or local agents.

***Golfing ladies** were well represented at the Golf Ball at Grosvenor House (see also p. 473): this smiling trio is Miss Audrey Regnart, Mrs. Herbert Guedalla and Miss Guy*

Good Works : by Eleanor E. Helme

CHARITY not only covers a multitude of sins : it is an excellent excuse for all sorts of pleasant gatherings. That is the obvious conclusion after a week which includes the Golf Ball for St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and the annual Golfers' Cot luncheon.

Grosvenor House was as gay a scene as ever. The dancers are getting a fine Golf Ball technique nowadays, and the snap of bursting shoulder-straps and waistcoat buttons is no longer the inevitable accompaniment of trying to break the driving machine. And our Mr. John Morrison managed not to hit his wife upon the head this year. Who, indeed, could have done anything so dastardly to somebody looking so sweet and so happy as she did ? Under varying hairdressing idiosyncrasies it can be said that Mrs. John Beck looked charming in silver ; Miss Enid Wilson, in black, taller and slimmer than ever ; Miss Pam Barton and Mrs. Critchley, very attractive in white ; Miss Dix Perkin regal in wine colour, and so forth, not forgetting the excellent cabaret provided by the G.R.A.

THE Golfers' Cot luncheon is one of the annual gatherings for which an invitation is really coveted. Some qualify once—but never so far again—by winning or running-up for the lovely cup given by Mrs. Ormsby Cooke ; others by the sheer hard work of county office-bearing ; some lucky ones because they are Press ; others for no reason at all, except that they are good company and the party would not be itself without them. Miss H. V. Smith, of Fairway and Hazard, and Miss Hornby, of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children, indulged in a pleasant wrangle over who was really hostess, and when the London Technical Training Institute had emptied of other lunchers and everyone was replete with the best of fare, the cup and replica were presented to Mrs. Ambler, of Rochford Hundred, and the runner-up prize to Miss Badman, of Old Fold Manor. Mrs. Ambler, in Essex meeting at Thorpe Hall, had finished seven below scratch score ; Miss Badman, in Middlesex, at Finchley, was six below. Therefore the golf produced has been excellent. So have the funds. Not only is the original Golfers' Cot at Shadwell maintained at an annual cost of fifty pounds, but the ambition of founding a second cot, at the hospital's country branch at Banstead, has been realised, the needful two hundred and fifty pounds having been forthcoming from the accumulated contributions of the golfers since Miss Joy Winn, Miss Smith and Miss Horrocks put their heads together and evolved the scheme five years ago. Nobody would really be surprised if their next objective were a whole ward of Golfers' Cots.

IT is good to get news of Overseas golfers who have made a place for themselves in the golfing world over here, and any number who played with Miss Mona MacLeod, from Royal Melbourne, have noted with real interest that she must be back in her best form again, since she has carried off a BYSTANDER Spoon with a net score of 69, against the 72 par of Royal Melbourne.

Overseas clubs seem very appreciative of the chance they have of winning these spoons, now that a card will always be accepted for the competition of the month in which it reaches this office, provided that it was posted off within a week of play. Royal Melbourne have written appreciatively of their spoons already won ; so have Adelaide and Hamilton, among others. Mrs. Waring, at the last-named, was the first New Zealander to win a spoon, which is no small distinction, since there are two hundred and fifty clubs in that country affiliated to the L.G.U. Hamilton is one of the biggest, with a membership of two hundred and forty, of which more than half take part in the weekly competitions. Their scratch scores are based on the play of the British team which toured New Zealand two years ago, so that the club can justly claim a high standard of play.

Amongst those who have won spoons at Hamilton is Miss Gillies, niece of the famous Sir Harold Gillies, golfer and facial surgeon.

Another Hamilton winner, Mrs. Gibson, is a grandmother, who for some years possessed a suitably grandmotherly handicap of 36. It appears that her children and grandchildren were greatly grieved that even that allowance did not win her a single trophy ; the BYSTANDER Spoon, we learn, has rectified their opinion, for they can now point to her as their grandmother who has won a trophy in competition against the rest of the British Empire.

Winter season 1938/39

Some Outstanding Dates

Jan. 4th and 6th. Recitals by Arthur Schnabel. ★ Jan. 5th. Golf.-International Sporting Club Cup. ★ Jan. 11th. Classical Concert with Jacques Thibaud. ★ Jan. 13th. Concert of Spanish Music with dancing by la Térésina. ★ Jan. 16th–22nd. Tennis-Club Championships. ★ Jan. 17th. Golf.-Leon Garibaldi Challenge Cup.

Jan. 18th. Concert with Mme Vina Bovy, soloist. ★ Jan. 21st–25th. Eighteenth Annual Motor Rally. ★ Jan. 21st-31st. Opera-Wagner's Ring by the Bayreuth Company under Franz von Hoesslin. ★ Jan. 23rd-29th. Tennis-International Tournament. ★ Jan. 23rd.-Feb. 4th. Bridge Tournament.

The HOTEL DE PARIS ranks amongst the famous hotels of the world, and the comfortable HOTEL HERMITAGE is under the same management. There are innumerable other hotels to suit all purses, particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited and all travel agencies.

MONTE-CARLO

FOLLOW EYSTON'S EXAMPLE

ASK FOR BP ETHYL

it is plus a little something

Capt. Eyston's Fuel was a blend of 'BP Ethyl specially made in England and shipped to America for his use.

Why the Button ? *(Continued from page 468)*

clear suggestion of the blue mackintosh is that a third person did the murder—a person who could somehow get hold of the pistol and the glove and who knew——"

Mr. Peachey paused suddenly and frowned.

"Knew about the blackmail ?" the Superintendent hazarded.

"Ah, but that 's topsy-turvy too. Frederick was *not* being blackmailed ; George was. Surely the unknown Know-all would have planted evidence against *George* ? George had an obvious motive ; yet the initials put on the glove were ' *F.* M.' "

"' Topsy-turvy ' isn't the word for it," said the Superintendent. "When you put it like that, there 's only one thing that I 've got against Frederick—that he hasn't got an alibi. He *says* he was asleep in his flat, but he can't prove it. It 's a flat in one of those converted houses—no porter or anything."

"And George ? Anything queer about *his* movements ?"

The Superintendent looked surprised.

"Not exactly queer. But he took a very long time to get home—three times what it ought to have taken. He says he had a breakdown, and had to see to it himself, it being at night and miles from a garage. His chauffeur—it was his evening off—says his master knows mighty little about a car, and that someone certainly had been messing about with the innards."

"I expect Frederick is a good mechanic ?" said old Mr. Peachey.

"Why, yes," the Superintendent was surprised again. "As it happens, he is. But I don't see——"

"Have a drink," said Mr. Peachey. "I should say you 'd have the devil of a job to get a conviction, because there are more fakes in the case than any jury could agree about. Fake evidence to point to Frederick, fake evidence to point to an unknown ; the only thing that isn't a fake is George's alibi——"

"And he," the Superintendent observed, "is the only person who *could* have planted the pistol."

"Oh, *no*," said Mr. Peachey. "You 've overlooked the most important fake of all : the quarrel between George and Frederick."

"That ? A fake ? Serious for Frederick when his allowance stopped——"

"Did it ? Why shouldn't George have gone on paying it—in cash ? Just like he paid Mr. Brown ? No use asking the bank ; you could never distinguish the two lots of payments."

The Superintendent mopped his forehead.

"Yes," Mr. Peachey continued sadly, "if the quarrel was a fake, it all becomes clear, doesn't it ? They got the pistol all ready : and Frederick duly ' lost ' his glove, and George ' stupidly ' marked it : and Frederick took them both over, perhaps the night of the ' quarrel.' He made friends with Brown—hadn't he a grievance against Brown's victim ? And couldn't he force Brown's hand by threatening to give his cousin away, out of spite ? And couldn't he persuade Brown to agree, since there 'd be two of them, to meet George at the kind of spot no wise blackmailer would ever agree to ? Frederick drove down with Brown : and George drove up to fix his alibi. Frederick shot Brown, and left the evidence obviously faked against himself ; and walked back through the woods, for George to pick him up and take him home—no wonder George took a long time over his journey ; and how useful Frederick's mechanical skill to fake George's efforts to fix his car."

Old Mr. Peachey shrugged his shoulders

"Annoying for a man's heir to see his inheritance being swallowed up by a blackmailer."

There was a short silence.

"Yes," said the Superintendent. "Yes. That 's it. Yes and no."

"The ' no ' meaning—no arrest ? '

"Afraid not, Mr. Peachey. After all, even if we could get a jury to believe in that conspiracy—well, I ask you : what about the button and the piece of mackintosh ? They would have to be explained to the jury, wouldn't they ? "

Mr. Peachey sighed.

"Yes, they would. And the explanation is so simple and so—so ordinary that no jury would believe it. You see, Frederick and George put the button and the torn scrap in—well, just to make it harder. They probably got it off a scarecrow. Have a drink," said old Mr. Peachey. [THE END

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON DECEMBER

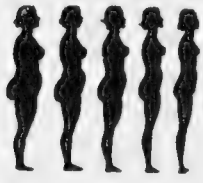
Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

10 years SLIMMER

40, 30 or 20 . . you cannot afford to let fat ruin your figure—and your chances. Fat adds years to your age. Not only spoils looks and figure, but ages the organs and tissues of the body by robbing them of their vitality. Any doctor will tell you that if fat is allowed to accumulate, the heart, liver and kidneys get overburdened and cannot work efficiently. If you value your health and appearance, you must take steps to remove ugly, ageing fat—NOW. Remember, the longer you leave it the more difficult it will be to get rid of. Take the safe, easy way to Youthful slimness—the Natex way.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES—WHILE YOU EAT



Between the first and last of the little black figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight, 42 lbs. of unhealthy, crippling, figure-spoiling, ageing fat! These figures show the progress of your slimming when you take Natex regularly.

Natex is not a drug. It is a slimming *food*. You need not follow any rigorous diet with Natex. Eat your normal meals, because Natex acts by reinvigorating the thyroid gland with the organic mineral food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.

23 EDITRESSES RECOMMENDED NATEX

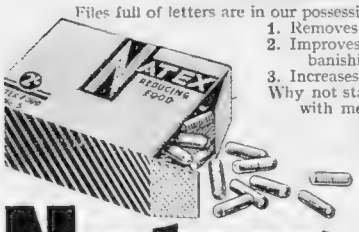
Natex is recommended by editresses of 23 leading Women's Journals. One reports that after a week's trial she lost 2½ lbs. and in a month 6 lbs.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS

Files full of letters are in our possession from delighted users testifying that Natex:—

1. Removes fat at the safe rate of 2 to 4 lbs. a week.
2. Improves health and looks. Keeps complexion clear by banishing poisons.
3. Increases vitality as it reduces weight.

Why not start taking Natex right away? A capsule taken with meals is all you need to gain a younger, slimmer figure, improved looks, greater vitality. Don't envy slimness, achieve it with Natex. From Chemists and Health Food Stores, 2/-, 5/6, 9/6, and 17/6 packets.



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CHRISTMAS NIGHT

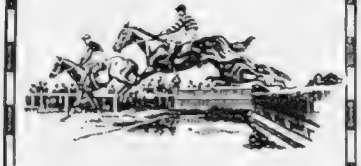
Yuletide Dinner, Etc., Etc., and Christmas Gifts 25/-

BOXING NIGHT

Dinner or Supper, Dancing, Cabaret, Souvenirs- 25/-

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Special Gala Dinner, Festivities, Original Gifts, Dancing Augmented Cabaret and a Midnight Surprise! Extension of licence - - - - 52/6



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The Illustrated SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS

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WILL YOU BE A 'FATHER CHRISTMAS' TO OUR CRIPPLED GIRLS?

There are large numbers of crippled girls so seriously handicapped that they cannot hope to earn a living unaided.

We have under our care 340 such girls who have become largely self-supporting because we have trained them to make beautiful artificial flowers.

We have a long Waiting List for admission to the Crippleage. Must we say No! No! No! to the pathetic appeals for this aid?

In addition, we maintain an orphanage of 200 girls, from babies up to 15 years. These, and our other activities, call for generous assistance to this Christian enterprise.

Report gladly sent on request.

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FAMOUS SINCE 1885

APPROVED BY DOCTORS

BUY ALL YOUR MEDICINES FROM YOUR CHEMIST

Clear that cold with VAPEX

The symptoms of a cold are Nature's way of expelling the germs which are the cause of the trouble. Remedies which merely remove these symptoms 'bottle up' the cold and lead to bronchial and other troubles.

Vapex, breathed from the handkerchief carries a pleasantly stimulating germicidal vapour direct to the CAUSE of your distress, destroying the germs and thus assisting Nature to throw off the infection.

From your Chemist 2/- & 3/-

V185 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

THE recent London-Gloucester reliability trial was the first event to be run in strict accordance with the new R.A.C. ban on competition tyres, but all future trials will have to comply with the ruling club's edict. It is perhaps opportune, therefore, to remind readers that, for the purpose of imposing what I regard as their senseless ban on competition tyres, the joint standing sub-committee of the R.A.C. sought to achieve the almost impossible task of giving a concise definition of such a tyre.

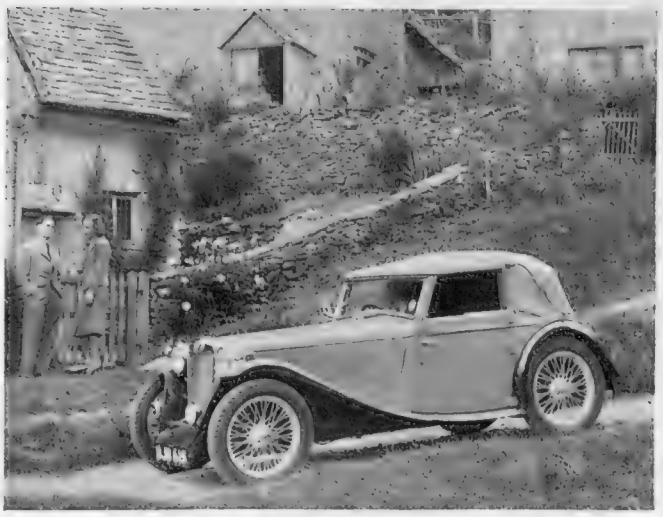
Here is their effort: "A competition tyre is one having a tread constructed or adapted to give abnormal grip."

This would be all right if they had also given us a definition of "abnormal grip"; but this the joint standing sub-committee failed to do. Now, it is the aim of every tyre manufacturer to produce a tyre combining the virtues of general utility and resolute grip. It seems to me, therefore, to be a retrogressive step to enforce a ban which may have the effect of arresting the development of either of these characteristics. Apparently members of the joint standing sub-committee were not entirely happy themselves about the efficacy of their definition, for they followed it with some considerable explanation, and "as examples of what the committee had in mind" (vide R.A.C.), with lists of types of tyres which will be permitted under the ban, and those which will not.

Another section of the notes which followed the committee's competitions-tyre definition dealt with the subject of oversize tyres, and laid down maximum sizes worked out, I think a little inappropriately, upon—of all things!—an engine-capacity basis.

Well, the first big trial operating under this ban was run on December 2nd and 3rd, and on the 7th the R.A.C. issued the following announcement, headed, "Tyres in Competitions":

> "In order to prevent the use of oversize tyres in motoring competitions on the highways, the R.A.C. and the A.C.U. have jointly laid down a maximum tyre-size for use on cars and motor-cycles respectively.
>
> "Following the publication of the various permitted maxima, communications were received from tyre manufacturers stating that the dimension stamped on the wall of the tyre was not in all cases the true dimension, and that in certain instances tyres were fractionally larger than the size indicated.
>
> "In order to cover this manufacturing 'error' the R.A.C. and the A.C.U. have now jointly agreed that the maximum sizes laid down for cars and motor-cycles may be exceeded by 10 per cent., but that nothing whatsoever in excess of this tolerance shall be permitted."



The M.G. "Midget"

This capital little sports car, in a coupé model, is shown in the Cotswold country

THIS being Christmas, the Season of Peace and Good Will, it is perhaps not the ideal moment to mention crises and such things, yet I feel it incumbent upon me to report that the Minister of Transport, in anticipation of the responsibilities which would be placed upon him in a national emergency, and the powers which he would be called upon to exercise, has reviewed the steps which would be necessary to secure the most efficient use of road transport in such an event.

The Defence (Road Transport) Committee, consisting of four leading men in the industry, together with a representative of railway-owned road transport and a labour representative, have now developed a detailed scheme. The essence of this, I learn from the Minister of Transport, is to make the maximum use of the experience and ability of men of good will in the industry for the purpose of efficient transport working.

For this purpose the boundaries of the present traffic area are modified to accord with plans of the Food Defence and Air Raids Precautions departments. Under the Chairman of Traffic Commissioners, assisted by a small advisory committee of operators, each area is divided into a number of districts. To each district is assigned an officer of the Traffic Commissioner's staff, who becomes the District Transport Officer. The District Transport Officer is the executive officer of a District Transport Committee of operators, on whom will fall the main burden of disposing of the available transport in their district to the best national advantage. They cannot, however, keep in day to day touch with all the numerous one- and two-vehicle men in their district, and operators will be encouraged to make temporary working "groups" or voluntary combinations, under a group manager, chosen by themselves. The group manager must be a man to whom the District Committee can look with confidence to carry out transport services in workmanlike fashion.

UNTIL the District Committees are set up, owners who are approached by the Defence Service, or organisations such as Food Defence, Air Raid Precautions, and hospital services, as to the use of their vehicles in the event of a national emergency, should give them all the assistance they can, on the clear understanding that, if and when a District Transport Committee is set up by the Minister of Transport, it may be necessary to modify the arrangements which have been made provisionally without full knowledge of all the demands which the Government may have to make.

The scheme provides first for a "cautionary stage," in which the District Committee will act by way of advice and assistance; but in certain circumstances and in certain districts it may be necessary to switch over rapidly to a second stage ("permit working"), under which full use may be made of any powers given to the Minister to prohibit the use of any goods vehicle, unless it is used in accordance with the conditions of a permit given by the District Transport Officer on the advice of the District Transport Committee.

District Transport Officers are instructed to take all possible steps to avoid interference with vehicles which are fully employed on essential services under the Food Defence organisation. Vehicles earmarked for A.R.P. duties should be vehicles which would not, after the declaration of a national emergency, be operating to any place from which they could not be at once recalled to their emergency station. And—despite all that—A Happy Christmas to you.

The Vauxhall

This marque is popular in the Dominions and Colonies: here a "Fourteen" saloon is shown with Johannesburg as background (compare with the setting for the "Midget")

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THEATRES

You are advised to look up, in the dailies, special Christmas times, which are not included here.

Straight Plays

BANANA RIDGE.—Olga Lindo is with Robertson Hare and Alfred Drayton in a far from original but very funny farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Less plot and a bigger family from Dodie Smith this time; a cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud, does justice to her portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA.—A strong historical, a sort of Austrian *Victoria Regina*, with Wanda Rotha excellent in the name-part, Gyles Isham and Richard Ainley: Garrick, 8.30 (not Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLASHING STREAM.—A mentally exciting evening is provided by clash of desires and ideals; Godfrey Tearle, Felix Aylmer, H. G. Stoker, Margaret Rawlings: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Mackenzie Ward and Guy Middleton in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Ernest Thesiger, Walter Hudd: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—The family laughter success with Jane Baxter at the head of an excellent cast takes a new lease: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLORIOUS MORNING.—A tragedy with a deep theme, sincerely written and acted; Peggy Bryan, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS.—Leslie Banks plays name-part in an adaptation of Hilton's school story; Constance Cummings as Katie: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title explains this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jill Furse and Hugh Sinclair head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

LOT'S WIFE.—A malicious comedy, its wit well pointed by J. H. Roberts and Nora Swinburne as an oil-king Mr. Lot and his wife: Savoy, 8.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares in St. John Ervine's amusing and stimulating play about a parson married to a doctor: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

SPRING MEETING.—A sketch of the lighter side of Irish life, with little story, but amusing acting by Arthur Sinclair, Roger Livesey, Zena Dare: Ambassadors, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM.—Curigwen Lewis, Mary Clare, Aubrey Dexter in Merton Hodge's adaptation of Olive Schreiner's book: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRAITOR'S GATE.—Basil Sydney and Margaretta Scott lead in a gripping historical play about Saint Thomas More: Duke of York's, 8.30.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Peggy Ashcroft as Viola, Michael Redgrave as Aguecheek, Esmond Knight as Orsino, William Devlin as Antonio: Phœnix, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

UNDER SUSPICION.—Walter FitzGerald and Patricia Hilliard head the cast in a new thriller: Playhouse, 8.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—An excellent *soufflé* at the expense of Yorkshire marriage and morals; Priestley's sly points driven home by a strong cast: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

WINDFALL.—Frank Allenby, Evelyn Roberts and Doris Lytton in a new play by Howard Irving Young: Apollo, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

With Music

BOBBY, GET YOUR GUN.—Bobby Howes doubles parts, moves from England to Cuba, is supported by Gertrude Niesen, Diana Churchill, Wylie Watson: Adelphi, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY.—The Farjeons' musical play is charming, witty and elegant, with music picked from Mozart and contemporaries; Irene Eisinger, Frederick Ranalow: Kingsway, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE FLEET'S LIT UP.—Stanley Lupino supplies the humour, Frances Day and Adèle Dixon the glamour in a naughtically-tinged musical: Hippodrome, 8.15 Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

December 21—December 27

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard George Benson, and a co-operative cast put across Farjeon's long-running intimate revue with verve and wit: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 113.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

"Traitor's Gate"

The excellent historical play by Morna Stuart has made its way to the West End from Newcastle via the King's, Hammersmith, and is now firmly established at the Duke of York's. Here, Basil Sydney as Saint Thomas More, Margaretta Scott as Peg Clement

RUNNING RIOT.—The Gaiety perennial is up to standard, with Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Brown up to their old tricks: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat. 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES, or what Americans call revues, can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9; Sat., 2.30); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9), and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

Christmas Specials

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—Fay Compton as boy, G. S. Melvin as dame, in Tom Arnold's panto: Drury Lane, from Fri., 23rd, 2 and 7.45.

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER.—Roger Parker leads in Rica Bromley Taylor's perennial: Duke of York's, from Boxing Day, 2.30.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Richard Goolden as Lord Babs in this hoary farce: Haymarket, 2.30 and 8.30.

GATE THEATRE REVUE.—Topical and satirical with Hermione Gingold

KRONE'S CIRCUS.—Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

LET 'S PRETEND.—A children's Christmas revue mixing fantasy, burlesque and sentiment with Steve Geray and Magda Kun: St. James', 8.30.

MILLS' CIRCUS.—Olympia, from Thurs., 22nd, 2.30 and 7.30.

PETER PAN.—Seymour Hicks as Hook, Jean Forbes-Robertson as Peter: Palladium, from Boxing Day, 2.30.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.—Anne Leslie and Nancy Fraser as girl and boy, Albert Burdon and Clarkson Rose as comics: Lyceum, from Boxing Day, 2 and 7.30.

RED RIDING HOOD.—Nelson Keys, Polly Ward, Patricia Burke, George Jackley, and big cast in this panto: Covent Garden, from Boxing Day, 2 and 7.30.

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Dorothy Dickson and Esmé Percy head a strong cast in this vivid old-timer: Embassy, 8.30.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.—Rowena Sanders, aged thirteen, plays Alice in Nancy Price's production: Playhouse, 2.30 only.

TREASURE ISLAND.—Malcolm Keen as Long John Silver: Savoy, from Boxing Day, 2.30.

WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.—Italia Conti's perennial Christmas play: Holborn Empire, 2.30 only.

WINTER CAVALCADE.—Unprecedented and unique ice and snow spectacle indoors: Earl's Court, 2.30 and 8.

First Nights *(See also Christmas Specials)*

MARCO MILLIONS.—The first production in England of Eugene O'Neill's satire: Westminster, Boxing Day.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—Gay and full-blooded production by Guthrie, dances by de Valois, décor by Messel, strong Vic-Well's cast: Old Vic, Boxing Day.

CINEMAS

ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE (French).—Pierre Fresnay in a story of naval trouble off Tangiers: Berkeley.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL (American).—Reginald Owen, Terry Kilburn and others in a film of Dickens' tale: Empire.

ENTRÉE DES ARTISTES (French).—A talented and lovely film set against the background of the Conservatoire; Jouvet, Odette Joyeux, Janine Darcey: Curzon.

THE GREAT WALTZ (American).—Hollywood scenery and a European cast—Luise Rainer, Milizà Korjus and Fernand Gravey—in a mighty Viennese spectacle round Johann Strauss: His Majesty's Theatre.

I'M NO ANGEL and THE SCOUNDREL (American).—Mae West and Noel Coward revive for Christmas: Carlton.

KATIA (French).—An attempt by Paris to go Hollywood has produced a pretentious historical film relieved by the acting of John Loder and Danielle Darrieux: Academy.

LÉGIONS D'HONNEUR (French).—Marie Bell, Charles Vanel, Pierre Renoir in a prize-film about a desert love: Studio One.

MANY TANKS, MR. ATKINS (British).—Claude Hulbert and Reginald Purdell in a comedy of army life: Warner.

MY BILL (American).—Kay Francis in this: Regal.

ROOM SERVICE (American).—The Marx brothers in the American stage farce filmed: Odeon.

SAY IT IN FRENCH (American).—Ray Milland, Olympne Bradna and Mary Carlisle in a bit of carefreedom: Plaza.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's fascinating cartoon from Grimm: Marble Arch Pavilion, from Boxing Day.

SUEZ (American).—Pretentious and false representation of de Lesseps' noble life-work; Tyrone Power, Annabella and Loretta Young: New Gallery.

THAT CERTAIN AGE (American).—Deanna Durbin, Jackie Cooper are the youngsters, Melvyn Douglas the grown-up, in an adolescent's story: Leicester Square

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU (American).—New York stage success has been filmed by Capra; a crazy family with Jean Arthur gets mixed up with Edward Arnold's up-stage one: Gaumont.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

SNOW MAIDEN.—To-night, 21st, 7.45.

SYLPHIDES, EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Thurs., 22nd, 8.30.

FAUST (with full ballet).—Fri., 23rd, 8.

SNOW MAIDEN.—Mon., 26th, 2.30.

CASSE-NOISETTE, PATINEURS.—Mon., 26th, 8.30.

RENDEZVOUS, HOROSCOPE, LAC DES CYGNES (III.).—Tues., 27th, 8.30.

MUSIC

CAROLS.—The Bach Choir under Reginald Jacques: Central Hall, to-night, 21st, 8.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Zoë Quilter

Zoë Gwynedd Quilter is the second daughter of Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt., and the Hon. Lady Quilter, of Methersgate Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk. She is being married early in January to Brian Morton Forster Franks, only son of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. D. Franks, 19th Hussars, and the late Lady Elles, of 7, Foulis Terrace, S.W.7

Dinah Susan Jamieson is engaged to John Edward Hamilton Tollemache, only son of Brig. and Mrs. E. D. H. Tollemache, of Coval Court, Sunningdale, Berks. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archibald A. Jamieson, of 6, Smith Square, S.W.1, and the Drove House, Thornham, King's Lynn

Lenare

Dinah Susan Jamieson

Catherine Bell

Jean Stewart

Jean Stewart, of 35, Cadogan Gardens, S.W.1, is engaged to Captain George De Pree, 60th Rifles, eldest son of Major-Gen. H. D. De Pree and the late Mrs. De Pree, of Oak Hill House, Beckley, Sussex. She is the twin daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel A. B. A. Stewart, Seaforth Highlanders, and the late Mrs. Lennox

Frances Parker is engaged to Captain Charles Graham Parbury, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Claud Parbury, of 20, Connaught Square, W.2. She is the only child of the late Alan Parker and Mrs. Joynson-Wreford, of Paddock Wood, E. Knoyle, Wilts.

Pearl Freeman

Frances Parker

Lenare

Argemone June Savory

Argemone June Savory is engaged to Godfrey Thomas Verrall, son of the late Sir Jenner Verrall, and Lady Verrall, of 30, Beaufort Road, Reigate, Surrey. She is the eldest daughter of Sir William Savory, Bt., and Lady Savory, of 38, Westbourne Terrace, W.2, and Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks

Ruth Peat is the daughter of Charles Peat, M.P., of Wycliffe Hall, Barnard Castle, Yorks. She is engaged to Thomas Clemens Usher, of Tyle Mill, Sulhampstead, Berks. She has run her own convalescent home for Teesside children at Wycliffe for the last four years

Ruth Margaret Peat

Catherine Bell

Patricia Fielding

Is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Percy Fielding, of Château Fielding, Nice, and lives now at 74, South Audley St., W.1; she is engaged to Desmond Hall Wilson, son of the late Sydney Wilson, and Mrs. Rose-Price, of 4, Cumberland House, W.1

Fayer

Margaret Jean Walker

Is the only daughter of Brigadier-General James Walker, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Walker, of Redburn Irvine, Ayrshire; she is to marry William Lawson Stephens, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stephens, of Winshill, Holywood, Co. Down

Pearl Freeman

Pauline Anne Hills

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hills, of The Old House, Braintree, Essex, and is engaged to Leslie H. Kay, of Rua Ribeiro, Sanches 56, Lisbon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kay, of Beeston, Notts.

Lenare

Eve Radford-Norcop

Is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. Radford-Norcop, of Brand Hall, Market Drayton, Shropshire; she has announced her engagement to Mark Medley Carter, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Carter, of 6, Parkside Gdns., S.W.19

Fayer

Ella Chapman

Eleanor Grace (Ella) Chapman is the daughter of the late W. G. Chapman and Mrs. Chapman, of 14, Arthur Court, W.2; she is engaged to John Megaw, younger son of Mr. Justice Megaw and Mrs. Megaw, of Malone Road, Belfast

Fayer

Pamela Jean Bateman-Champain

Is the younger daughter of the late Brigadier-General H. F. Bateman-Champain and Mrs. Bateman-Champain, of 1, Great Cumberland Place, W.1; her fiancé is Robert Low, of 11, Swan Court, Chelsea, son of the late Arthur Low and Mrs. Low, of California, U.S.A.

Pope — Fitzwilliams

Noel Arthur Pope, son of the late T. D. Pope, of British Guiana, and Mrs. Pope, of Neacroft, Christchurch, Hants., and Rosemary Deborah Fitzwilliams, only daughter of Major and Mrs. C. C. L. Fitzwilliams, of Greatford Hall, Stamford, Lincs., were married at St Thomas à Becket, Greatford

Sinclair — Coates

Thomas Roland Sinclair and Jean Ann Dorothy Coates were married at St. Nicholas's, Carrickfergus. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth D. L. Sinclair, of Beechleigh, Windsor Park, Belfast. She is the only daughter of the late Sir William Coates, and Lady Coates, of Thornfield, Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim

Rowell — Bellairs

Lt.-Com. George William Rowell, R.N., H.M.S. Glasgow, son of the late George Rowell, and Mrs. A. A. Dunbar Brander, of Ivybank, Elgin, and Daphne Veronica Bellairs, younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Roger Bellairs, of Wyvenhoe, Farnham Royal, Bucks., were married at St. Mary's, Farnham Royal

Chamberlain — Kay

Richard Chamberlain, only son of the late Richard Chamberlain, and Mrs. Gurney-Dixon, of 7, The Close, Winchester, and Joan Kay, elder daughter of the late George Kay, and Mrs. Kay, of Highclere, Newbury, Berks., were married at All Souls' Langham Place

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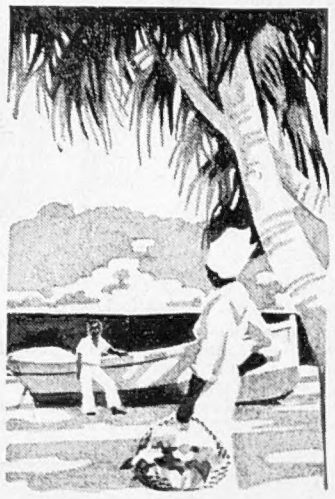

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Mitau	1875	Silver medal
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Paris	1882	Golden medal
Naples	1883	Golden medal
Amsterdam	1883	Golden medal
Caracas	1883	Golden medal
Riga	1883	Hors Concours
Nice	1884	Honorable diploma
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Brussels	1888	Golden medal
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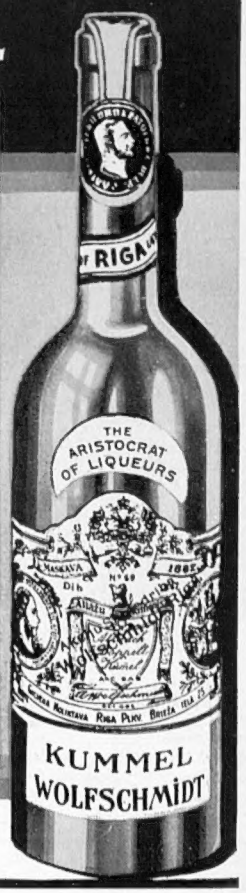
Chicago	1893	Golden medal
Paris	1893	Honorable diploma
Antwerp	1894	Honorable diploma
Amsterdam	1895	Golden medal
Bordeaux	1895	Honorable diploma
Lübeck	1895	Golden medal
N. Nowgorod	1896	Coat of Wards
Paris	1900	Grand Prix
Glasgow	1901	Honorable diploma
Zürich	**1930**	Golden medal
Riga	**1932**	Golden medal
Florence	1934	Grand Prix & Golden medal
Brussels	1935	Grand Prix
Paris	1937	Grand Prix



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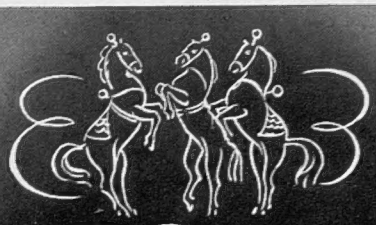

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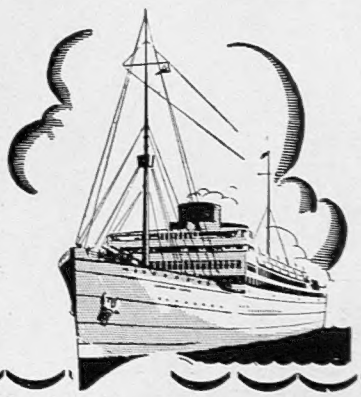

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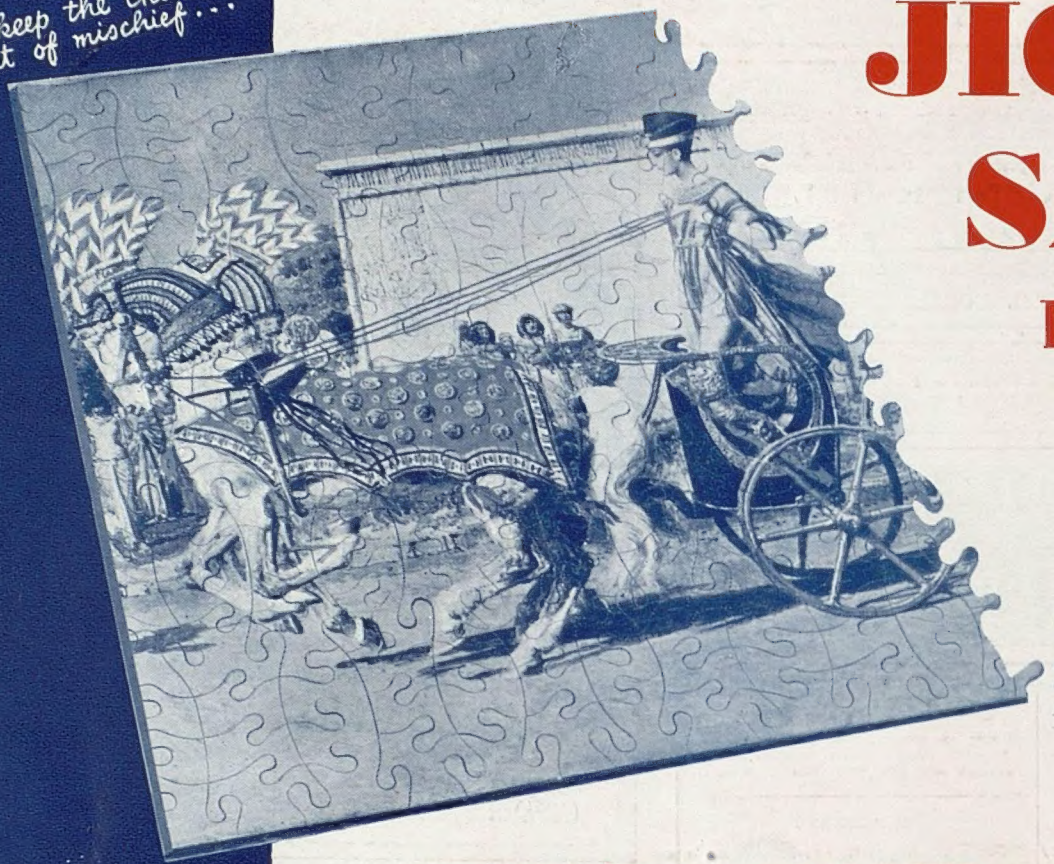

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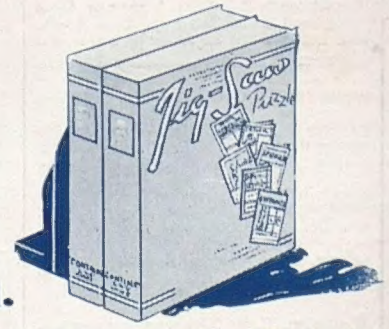

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